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SONG OF THE ANGELS.

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by
night,

All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind,)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
The Saviour who is Christ the Lord;—
And this shall be the sign;
The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid.

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song:
All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to men
Begin, and never cease.

CHRISTMAS.

EIGHTEEN hundred and eighty years ago the first Christmas was celebrated beside the manger of the stable in Bethlehem by a few shepherds who came and bowed themselves before the infant-Saviour, and offering their humble gifts worshipped in silent wonder; and now from every clime and every land, from the frozen poles and the burning desert, goes up the sound of rejoicing and thanksgiving on the anniversary of the birth of the Saviour of the world. Everywhere, throughout the length and breadth of Christendom, hymns of prayer and praise ascend, and everywhere

the sound of rejoicing and merriment is heard. The time is "hallowed and gracious." Hallowed, because dedicated to a sincere thanksgiving, and gracious, because then the best sympathies of our nature break from out the crust that has gathered over them during the past year's rough experiences, and show an activity as if they had been refreshed by partial or complete slumber. Under the genial influence of Christmas, men thaw out who were to all appearance frozen forever; closely buttoned breeches pockets are unloosed, and the hand of charity inserted; flinty hearts are softened and affection suffered to enter where the gates seemed barred to it for ever. Some how Christmas atmosphere seems to be different from any other; no matter in what part of the world, whether in frozen Canada or the burning tropics, the Christmas air seems to waft breezes of love, and peace, and unselfishness. At no time does self fall to so low an ebb as under the influence of Christmas; people think not so much of themselves as of others; the old folks are planning what presents they can best delight the hearts of the youngsters with, and the little folks are busily engaged counting their hoarded wealth and puzzling their little heads to know how two dollars and ten cents is to be made to buy a card-rack for mother which will cost one dollar and a half, and a smelling-bottle for auntie which will cost a dollar and a quarter. Nearly every body is planning some little present for some relative or friend; poor indeed is he who has nothing to give, or no one to give to. This custom of making presents at Christmas time doubt-

less has its origin in the presents of the wise men of the East, and will probably last as long as the world does. But there are some who cannot make presents; some to whom Christmas is not Christmas at all; some whose dull routine of heavy toil is not broken by the joyous day; some whose abject poverty makes the day no time of rejoicing or mirth for them. Is it not our duty, if we are blessed with a great or small portion of this world's goods, to seek out those who are in want and misery and, according to our means, enable those who are too poor to help themselves to enjoy in some small degree this festive season, remembering the injunction of Him whose birth we celebrate, "The poor ye have with you always." Depend upon it, our own Christmas dinner will taste sweeter for the consciousness that we have enabled at least one fellow creature to enjoy a meal he would otherwise have gone without; and our own pleasure will be enhanced by the knowledge that we have let in a little light on some dark spot, and caused joy to reign where despair and sorrow held control. While we enjoy Christmas thoroughly ourselves, let us be mindful of those whose sufferings we can alleviate, and remember that He whose natal day it is came to bring

"Peace on earth, good-will toward men."

THE ORPHANS;

OR,

THE HEIR OF LONGWORTH.

He would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of "the devil and all his works," had not his path been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghost, goblin, or the whole race of witches, and that was—a woman.—*Washington Irving.*

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

MRS. WINDSOR smiles.

"You have no other engagement?"

"None."

"Then do me the favour to come and count the wrinkles at my house. I am very desirous of seeing you before you go to New York on a matter of business."

She makes a pause before the last word, and looks at him as if afraid of refusal. Longworth, however, does not refuse.

"I spend my pleasantest evenings at

your house, Mrs. Windsor. I shall be glad to go."

She draws a quick breath, as of relief, and turns to depart.

"I shall expect you then. Perhaps, though, you will let me take you with me at once?"

"Not now; I shall present myself about eight. Will that do?"

"Certainly. Good evening, Mrs. Longworth. How is it you never come to see me now?"

"Many commercial gentlemen, and much gravy weigh on her mind," suggests Longworth, "as they must on all successors of the immortal Mrs. Todgers."

For this rose-wreathed white house facing the bay is a boarding house, and Mrs. Longworth, widow, and a distant cousin of the editor of the *Phoenix*, the lady who keeps it.

Mrs. Windsor does not know Mrs. Todgers. She is not a lady addicted to novel reading of any sort; but she smiles graciously because the remark is Longworth's, and slowly and gracefully moving away, reenters her carriage, and is driven off.

"What can she want of you now, Larry?" says Totty, as though it were no unusual thing for Mrs. Windsor to want Larry.

"Do you know," says Mrs. Longworth, with a short laugh, "what people would say if Mrs. Windsor were thirty years younger? That she wanted to marry Larry."

Mr. Longworth has resumed his smoking and his chair. He glances over his shoulder at the speaker.

"That's a beastly remark, Mrs. Longworth," he says; "don't make it again."

"There's the dinner bell," says Totty, and she and her mamma vanish precipitately.

Mr. Longworth puts down his legs lazily, gets up, mounts to his bedroom, makes some improvement in his toilet leisurely, for although the dinner bell has rung, and the select circle of boarders may be waiting, he is never in a hurry.

"Yes, what does she want?" he thinks. "It would be remarkable if I received two of Fortune's kisses in one

day. More remarkable still if I were forced to decline both."

He descends to dinner, which is a lively meal. Mrs. Longworth, one of those sometimes trying people who have seen better days, offers all the comforts of a home through the columns of the daily press, and has fifteen boarders in all. There are two or three ladies; but these are exceptions. The Salic law is enforced, and single gentlemen are the Spartan rule.

Mr. Miles O'Sullivan, sub-editor of the *Phenix*, sometime graduate of Maynooth, lineal descendant of the kings of Kerry, is one of these. It is a prolonged meal. The gentlemen like to sit and crack nuts and joke together long after the ladies flit away. Now the twilight steals into the room, the sea breezes arise cool and delicious, and the scent of the honeysuckle nearer and sweeter than all.

Faint and far away the singing of some sailor floats on the wind. A new spring moon shines in the sky, one brilliant star, *dame d'honneur* to the Queen of Night, beside it. In the parlours across the hall some one is playing Thalberg's "Last Rose;" when the pianist stops you can hear the wash of the surf on the shore.

Longworth lies back in his chair in true after-dinner mood, dreamy and indolent, dips his walnut in his wine, listens to the other men but does not talk much. Presently the laughter and jokes—very elderly jokes some of them—grow tiresome, and he rises and returns to his former place and position on the piazza. The boarders flit in and out, and one or two of the ladies are good enough to sit beside him and rally him on his thoughtfulness. But Longworth's modes are well known, and as a rule respected, in this select boarding-house.

"Larry," says Mrs. Totty Sheldon, coming out in her muslin dress and pink roses, and looking cool and white in the faint light, "is it not time you were keeping your appointment?"

"Mr. Longworth an appointment," cries a vivacious young matron; "that accounts for his silent incivility. With a lady, I'll swear!"

"With a lady," answers Totty; "only

a quarter of eight, Larry, and she is not a lady to be kept waiting."

Longworth rises, still with the dreamy laziness of after dinner upon him, picks up his hat, and strolls off without paying the slightest attention to the fair creatures around him.

The volatile little matron, who is a bride, and pretty, and used to attentions, looks piqued.

"Odd man, your cousin, Mrs. Sheldon," she says; "sometimes so silent and glum, at others perfectly charming to listen or talk to. He is not your cousin?"

"His father and mine were cousins," Mrs. Sheldon answers.

"And he and Totty came very near being something nearer and dearer than second cousins," interposes an older matron; "only Totty threw him over for Mr. Sheldon."

"Did you really?" says the bride, looking at her curiously. "He does not seem like the sort of man one could throw over. How had you the courage? Such a handsome and clever fellow!"

"We were only children," says Totty, in a low voice; but she looks away from the questioner out at the long slender line of light on the sea. "I was only a little girl, and Larry nothing but a boy."

"You were a little girl old enough and big enough to marry Willie Sheldon——"

"Totty!" her mother calls sharply, coming suddenly forward; "If you are going to Miss Harris's to-night it is time you were dressing, instead of standing chattering nonsense here."

Totty bites her lips, but obeys. Twenty-eight, and a widow though she be, she still feels compelled to mind her mother.

Mrs. Longworth turns with some ascerbity to the young bride.

"Please don't allude to this again, Mrs. Beckwith," she says. "There was some boy and girl folly between Mr. Longworth and my daughter years ago, but it was only folly. I don't approve of cousins marrying—even distant cousins. Don't speak of it in his presence, I beg."

The elder matron laughs softly and significantly to herself.

"Does not approve of cousins marrying," she thinks. "And it was only boy and girl folly, was it? How our view changes as we grow older! At least, it was folly that has cost Mr. Larry dear."

The younger matron looks puzzled.

"Something queer here!" she thinks. "I wonder Mr. Longworth likes to stay." But she only bows, and, says, "Oh, certainly not," and, as the charm of the stoop has departed with Mr. Longworth, goes in.

Meantime, Mr. Longworth pursues his way in his usual leisurely manner through various streets, until he comes to an iron railing and two tall, handsome iron gates. The place inclosed looks like a park in this pale light. It is extensive, and full of large trees.

He enters and goes up a gravel walk, broad and well-kept trees meeting overhead and making the darkness blackness. From this arcade he emerges into an open space, the grass close-clipped, and dotted with little beds of flowers.

A dark, large house looms up, with lights shining from its windows, and a glass arch over the hall doors. He glances at two windows to the right. Through these the lamplight shines, red and comfortable, through lace curtains, and seems to welcome him even before he enters. A large, old-fashioned brass knocker is on the door: he lifts this and knocks loudly.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STORY OF THE STONE HOUSE.

WHILE Mr. Longworth knocks and waits in the starlight to be admitted, a word may be said of this house and the lady who owns it.

It has a name and a history, and is perhaps the only house in Baymouth that has either. It is called the Stone House. Many years back there came over from England a man named William Windsor, a sturdy and thrifty yeoman, tolerably well to do at home, and resolute to make a fortune in the colonies. He chose New England, got a grant of land, built a log cabin, shot Indians, tilled the soil, and led a busy life of it. Time passed; the revolution began, and this Englishman shouldered his musket and took the side of the colonies against the king. The war ended,

and though Master William Windsor left a leg and one arm on the field of glory, he returned well satisfied, for another grant of land had been awarded him, and all about his dwelling for many and many a mile was his. Thinking it not well for man to be alone, even part of a man as he now was, he took unto himself a wife of the daughters of the land—a blooming Puritan maiden far away too patriotic to refuse a one-legged hero—reared a family, and in his old age saw the Stone House erected in all its strength and stateliness by his eldest son. Then he died and was gathered to his fathers, and years went on and Baymouth grew and prospered, and the Windsors with it, and they were the wealthiest and oldest family in all the town. Mills and Manufactories arose in their land, noble timber was cut down, and the Windsors need be farmers no more, but sit at home at ease and let their income flow in like a golden river. Nobody knew exactly how rich the last Henry Windsor was when he became master, butenormously, everybody said. He married a young lady of Boston, one of the fairest of all its fair daughters, proud and uplifted as a young queen, and brought her home to the Stone House.

Two children were borne, only two. Mrs. Windsor believed she was born to be a mother of sons, and was intensely disappointed to find the younger of these two only a girl. Girls being one of the evils of this life that cannot be cured and must be endured, the lady of the Stone House accepted her fate, but bitterly and under protest to the end. To her son she gave love loyally and liberally, and lavishly, without stint or measure; to her daughter, almost indifference. They grew up; the son went to Harvard, the daughter to a fashionable boarding-school in New York. Both had done credit to their name and their family, both were handsome; the son was clever, and though brains are a superfluity in the only son of a rich man, it still pleased his mother that he had them. George was nineteen, Mary seventeen, when the first blow fell.

It fell in the person of an extremely handsome young man, who arrived in Baymouth one day, and sought an inter-

view with Mr. Windsor. He was a Frenchman, his name M. Hippolyte Landelle, his profession teacher of modern languages at Madame Campion's fashionable seminary, his errand—to ask Henry Windsor, Esq., for the hand of his only and richly dowered daughter.

To say that Henry Windsor was stricken dumb by this matchless audacity would do no sort of justice to his feelings. He sat and glared at the young man, who, tall and slender, with handsome olive face and black, melancholy eyes, stood and awaited his answer. What the answer was exactly can never be told. "Our army in Flanders" never swore harder than Mr. Henry Windsor knew how to do when exigency required. Monsieur Landelle must have found it unpleasant, for he left the paternal mansion leaden white with passion and wounded pride.

Mr. Windsor sat down, red-hot with fury, and penned a letter to the preceptress of the seminary, which must have shocked that elegant lady to the last degree. He told her, among several other unpleasant truths, to keep his daughter under lock and key for the next three days, at the expiration of which period he would arrive to take her home.

Mr. Windsor went. Madame Campion, unspeakably distressed, dismissed M. Hippolyte Landelle, and turned the key upon Miss Mary Windsor. But it is a very old truism that Love laughs at locksmiths. When Mr. Windsor arrived on the spot he found his daughter flown, and the traditional note left behind to say that life without dear Hippolyte would not be worth the living, that they had been married the day before, and would sail in an hour by the Havre steamer.

Mr. Windsor returned home. How bitter the blow to these two haughty and imperious people no human being ever knew. The father was wounded both in his pride and his love, for he had been fond of his own "little maid." The mother smarted in her pride alone. Every trace of that lost daughter was obliterated. Her name was erased from the great family Bible, her portrait in oil, her photograph, books, drawings burned. She was not to be as a daughter dead, but as a daughter who had never existed.

Three years later Mr. Windsor died, and handsome George was master of the Stone House. He was a fair-haired young giant, who might well have been the darling of any mother's heart—blue-eyed, stalwart, sunny-faced as a young Norse god, he was far more than the darling of this mother. He was her idol, the life of her life. All the love of her soul she gave him, and George, in careless young man fashion, was fond of his stately and handsome mother.

One night—oh, dark and terrible night, never to be forgotten—a schooner drifted on some sunken rocks near the entrance of the harbour. It was winter—a night with the gale howling, and the cold deadly. The two or three poor fellows clinging to the frozen rigging must be taken off at once or perish. A boat was manned, and George Windsor, brave, generous, and full of adventure, made one of the volunteer crew. It was desperate work to launch the boat—desperate work to keep her afloat in that howling winter tempest. All at once a fiercer blast than the others struck her broadside, and she went over.

In a moment they had righted her again in spite of the storm, and the freezing crew clambered in. All but George Windsor! He could not swim; his mother had always kept her darling away from that treacherous bay, and in the darkness he went down like a stone. His last cry—"save me, boys, I'm sinking," rung in the ears of his mother—for they told her—until they were dead to every sound of earth.

Some time that night, while she sat restlessly waiting for him, the clergyman of the church she usually attended came slowly and sadly into her presence. How he told her he hardly knew. She stood and heard him in stony silence, her eyes fixed and blind, turned from him mechanically, made a step to the door, and fell like a stone. She was a strong woman, and had never fainted in all her life before, but for hours she lay now like the dead. Perhaps death would have been the greater mercy; but life came back and they went away and left her alone with her awful despair.

Three days after they found him washed ashore some miles lower down, and in two more a long, sad procession

went out from the Stone House—a house from which many dead men had gone. They laid in the earth the last of all the Windsors, and a monument that was a marvel of beauty, and sculpture, and cost, was erected over him. Then the Stone House was shut up, and for six long years Mrs. Windsor saw it no more.

A stern and resolute woman this Mrs. Windsor—a proud and bitterly rebellious one. Once in her hearing that well-meaning clergyman had said—

“It is one of the mysterious dispensations of Providence. She made a god of her son, and a jealous God has taken him.”

From that moment, in her fierce vindictiveness, she arrayed herself against the awful Arbiter of life and death, and never until the day of her own death crossed the threshold of a church again.

George Windsor had been dead some fifteen years when Laurence Longworth first came to Baymouth, bought out the *Phoenix*, going rapidly to the dogs in the hands of its then proprietor, and established himself as a permanent fixture in the town. Mrs. Windsor had long been back and resumed her old life, how unspeakably lonely and desolate a life no one knew. She would have died in her relentless pride sooner than let any living soul see that broken and bleeding heart of hers. There are some things that not even time can help—this was one. But outwardly there was little change. She even went into society more than of old, and opened her house more frequently to her friends. And it was at one of these reunions—a dinner party given by a magnate of the town—that she and Longworth first met. As she sat in the drawing-room after dinner, listlessly allowing herself to be entertained, she overheard the words of two men behind her.

“So that’s the man of the *Phoenix*. H’m! good head and frontal development. Looks as if he might know how. Doesn’t he look like some one I’ve seen before?”

“He looks like poor George Windsor. You remember young Windsor, don’t you—drowned some dozen years ago? The mother, fine-looking, stern-looking lady in black velvet, here this evening. He resembles George sufficiently to be a long lost brother.”

The men moved away, and Mrs. Windsor, with a feeling as if a knife had pierced her, looks for the first time intently at the tall, fair-haired young man leaning lightly against the chimney-piece, and earnestly conversing with a little group of men. Her face paled, her eyes dilated, her lips parted, her breath came quick. He was like George—so like that the mother’s heart thrilled and trembled within her. It was one of those accidental resemblances that startle all at times, and yet she could hardly have defined where it lay. The shades of hair, eyes, and skin were the same. The figure of this young man was tall and strong as George’s had been; even a subtle trick of smile and glance that her boy had had this stranger possessed.

It troubled her at first. Gradually, as they met oftener, it comforted her, and at last, after years of acquaintance, Laurence Longworth took the place in her childless widowed heart that she would once have thought it sacrilege to fill. People began to observe her marked partiality for the young editor, and to smile and opine that his fortune was made. Miles O’Sullivan one day, not long before this night upon which Longworth stands waiting for admittance before the Stone House, put the general opinion into words.

“Upon me conscience, Larry, ’tis better to be born lucky than rich. Here’s the widow Windsor, long life to her, ready to lave you everything she’s worth in the world if ye only behave yourself, and a mighty pretty penny it must be.”

“I wouldn’t take it,” replied Longworth, coolly.

“Ye wouldn’t, wouldn’t ye? And why, if it’s pleasing to ye?”

“Mrs. Windsor has her natural heirs—her daughter and her daughter’s children!”

“Mighty unnatural ones, if all I hear be true. Sure, the daughter ran away with a Frinchman, and has been disowned this many a day!”

“That is nothing to me. I would not accept Mrs. Windsor’s money while they are alive to claim it.”

Oh, then, by this and that, I wish a widow woman, or any other woman, would offer me a fortune. It’s twice—

yes, faith, maybe three times—I'd be thinking before I threw it back in her face."

"You would do precisely as I would do. Oh, you couldn't take it. But doesn't it strike you that this is an uncommonly cheeky premature discussion? It is never well to refuse before one is asked."

What Mr. Longworth thinks about his chances himself no one knows. Silence is this gentleman's *forte*. But so matters stand this sultry May night, upon which he stands and knocks at Mrs. Windsor's door, little dreaming of the errand she is going to employ him on.

CHAPTER V.

A POINT OF HONOUR.

A MIDDLE-AGED woman servant admits Laurence, and he enters a long low, very spacious hall, softly carpeted, hung with rich pictures, and adorned on either side by a stern Roman soldier in bronze, leaning on his sword. Four doors flank this wide hall; the first of these to the right the woman opens, and says—

"Mr. Longworth, ma'am," and departs.

The room, on the threshold of which he stands for a moment and gazes, as at a picture, is one that is very familiar, and that never fails to give his artistic eye pleasure. It is Mrs. Windsor's sitting-room; here none but intimate friends (and she has very few) find her. It is a square apartment, carpeted in pale, cool colours, gray and blue, curtained in white lace, soft chairs and sofas, also blue and gray, a full-length mirror at each end; two inlaid tables, whereon repose some large albums and Books of Beauty, but not another volume of any sort; water-colour sketches and line engravings on the walls, both perfect of their kind; a few heads in Parian from the antique, pretty and expensive trifles everywhere.

Two or three slender glasses of cut flowers perfume the air, the light falls soft and shaded, wealth and refined taste speak to you in every detail, and meet you again in the figure of the lady, who rises to greet her guest. Her heavy silk falls about her in those soft, large, noiseless folds that women love,

some point lace at the throat is caught with one great, gleaming diamond. Her hair, profuse still, but silvery white, is combed back over a roll, and adds to the severe immobility of that pale, changeless face. No, not changeless, for it lightens and softens as she gives him her hand.

"You are punctuality itself, Mr. Laurence," she says. "It is precisely eight."

She resumes her chair, folds her white hands, upon which many jewels twinkle, in her lap. There are women so womanly, or so restless, that they can never sit contentedly quite idle—some piece of flimsy feminine handicraft must ever be between their fingers. Mrs. Windsor is not one of these; she can sit for hours with those white hands folded, her eyes half closed, without the necessity of either needlework or book occurring to her.

Longworth has a chair in this room sacred for the past two years to his use, a very comfortable and caressing chair indeed, and into its open arms he consigns himself now, leans his blonde head against the azure back with a feeling he has often had before—that this room is a very comforting and restful place, and Mrs. Windsor one of the most thoroughly satisfactory women he has ever met. As she sits before him in her lustrous silks and jewels, her serene, high-bred face, and *trainante* voice, she has all the "stilly tranquil" manner of a real grand dame. At sixty, she is a woman to command admiration, and Longworth admires her; but it is surely a deeper and stronger feeling that looks out of her eyes upon him. If she ever gave her lost idol greater love, then indeed she must have loved beyond the love of mothers.

They talk for a time after the desultory fashion of friends. She tells him of her winter in Washington, and of the celebrities, foreign, political, literary, and musical, she has met there. But her usual animation is wanting; it is not to talk of these things she has asked him to come here. She is rarely at a loss, but she seems to be somewhat so tonight, and it is Mr. Longworth himself who as the clock strikes nine breaks the ice.

"You made some allusion to business

this afternoon," he says. "Is it any thing in which I can be of service? Anything about the mills——"

"Nothing about the mills. Thompson is a very competent man of business, and sees to that. Laurence, when I was in Washington, I made my will."

She says it abruptly. Longworth, lying easily, looping and unlooping his watch chain, lifts his eyebrow.

"Always a wise precaution," he answers, "but in your case quite premature. Still it is well to have these things settled and done with."

"And, Laurence, I have made you my heir."

It has come. In spite of her marked partiality for him, which he understands and which touches him, in spite of O'Sullivan's words, he has hardly ever glanced at this possibility. He is a man absorbed in his work which suits him thoroughly; he has no special ambition for sudden and great wealth. Yet sudden and great wealth is offered him here. He sits quite still, and there is a brief silence, her face slightly agitated, his showing no shadow of change. At last!

"I am sorry to hear this," are his first words. "It cannot be! I am deeply grateful, but it cannot be."

"Why not?"

"Dear madam, do you need to ask? You have a daughter——"

"I have no daughter," she interrupts, her voice low and cold. "I have had none for twenty-one years. I have double none now, for she is dead."

"Is she dead? I regret to hear that."

"I do not," says Mrs. Windsor, icily.

"But she has left children—you mentioned the fact to me once yourself. She has left daughters, and your daughter's daughters are your heirs, not I?"

"The daughters of the Frenchman, Landelle, will never inherit a penny of mine."

"My dear Mrs. Windsor, pardon me—they ought, they must. They are the last of your line; your blood is theirs. Do not visit the sin of their father, if sin it was, upon them. In any case I shall not usurp their right."

"You absolutely refuse!"

"I absolutely refuse. It is quite impossible for me to take this inheritance of your granddaughters."

"You are magnanimous," she says, with a brief and very bitter laugh. "You are one of the world's wonders—a man who can refuse a fortune."

"I don't think I stand alone," he says, coolly. "Think better of mankind, my dear madam. I fancy I know some men who would decline to rob two orphan girls of their birthright. It must be theirs, dear lady, not mine."

"It shall never be theirs," she retorts, cold, repressed passion in her tone; "they were nothing, less than nothing to me before. If you persist in thwarting me for their sakes you will make me absolutely hate them."

"I must persist, and you will not hate them. Do you not see I shall be utterly unworthy of the regard with which you honour me if I do this? In your heart you would despise me, and your contempt would be as nothing to the contempt I should feel for myself. It is best for a man to stand well with himself. I should be simply robbing your granddaughters if I accepted their rightful inheritance—be nothing better than any other thief. I feel all your great goodness, believe me—feel it so deeply that I have no words to thank you; but if, indeed"—his voice grows low and tender—"you give me some of that affection you once gave your son, let me use it to plead for your grandchildren. Send for them, bring them here, if their father will resign them, and my word for it love will follow, and the right will be done."

"Their father is dead," she says drearily.

"And they stand in the world quite alone. Then truly it is time they were here. This is their home, you are their mother. Forget the past; let death blot it out. Send for these young ladies, and let them be the comfort and blessing of your later life."

She sits, her quiet hands folded, stung, deeply stung, in her affection for this man, and in her pride. He sees the diamonds darting rays of fire on her fingers and at her throat, sees the hard, cold look that sternly sets her face.

"This is your final and absolute decision?" she asks, in a low voice. "You will not think twice—you will not change your mind?"

"I will not change my mind. It is simply impossible."

"Not even," she says, looking at him fixedly, "If I refuse once and for all to have these French girls here, and leave the fortune you despise to the town?"

"Not even then. Nothing can alter in the slightest degree the decision I have just expressed."

"You are indeed a man of iron mould," she says, with that slight, bitter smile. "Well, I will not press the matter. Only one point more. Suppose at my death the will I have just made is found intact—what then?"

"Then it will become my duty to search out your granddaughters, and transfer it to them without an hour's loss of time."

"Very well." She takes from the pocket of her dress a letter, removes the envelope, and passes it to him. "Read that," she says, briefly.

Longworth obeys. It is written in delicate feminine tracery, and is brief enough—

"London, April, 17th, 18—.

"MADAME OUR GRANDMOTHER,—Two months ago our father died, and his latest wish was that we would write this letter and go to you. All the letters we have sent have been unanswered, even that written by our mother on her death-bed, beseeching you to take pity on her children. Under these circumstances we would not force ourselves upon you had we any other home, but our aunt in Rouen is also dead. You are our sole remaining parent; yours is the only home, the only protection, we can claim on earth. We come to you therefore. We will sail from Liverpool for New York early in May, and if you will have the goodness to send some one to meet us there we will be deeply grateful. We desire to know and to love you, madame, and with the most affectionate sentiments we are, your granddaughters,

"MARIE AND REINE LANDELLE."

Longworth finishes the letter and looks up with a half smile.

"Did you ever read anything more coolly audacious?" she demands, in suppressed anger.

"It is a cool production, certainly; its author I judge to be an eminently self-possessed and resolute young lady.

Still she is quite right. She obeys the dying wishes of her parents, and comes, as she says, to her rightful home."

"I deny her right. Her parents had no shadow of claim upon me, and neither have the Demoiselles Landelle."

"Have you answered this letter?" asks Longworth, looking at it curiously.

"Certainly not."

"Then they may even now be on their way here."

"They are not only on their way, but their steamer is due in New York the day after to-morrow. They cabled at starting, like a pair of princesses."

"Had I accepted your offer," he says, still half smiling, "how would you have acted in this complication?"

"There would have been no complication. Had you accepted my offer, as you would have done were you a wise man, I would not have shown you this letter. I would have gone to New York, met them, then taken a return passage for them in the next ship, and sent them back where they came from."

"Madam, you would not have been so cruel."

"Do you call it cruel? This beggar, Landelle, carried off my daughter, a silly fool of seventeen, for her fortune, hoping, no doubt, that, like stage parents, the flinty father and mother would relent. He robbed me of my daughter—why should I receive his? I might not have sent them back penniless; I might have settled a life annuity upon each, and am ready to do so still if you will do as I desire. Think it over, Laurence—it is no bagatelle of a few thousands you are rejecting—and I will send them back. I do not want them here. You have only to say the word."

"I would be a brute and a scoundrel if I said it. Do not let us speak of the inheritance again. Let us consider that question for ever at rest. Your granddaughters must come, and they must be met in New York as they say. I wonder, by the by, what steamer they cross in?"

"The Hesperia."

"The Hesperia! Why, that is Miss Hariott's ship. They will have crossed together."

"Probably," says Mrs. Windsor.

She does not like Miss Hariott—they are of different orders of women, and

perhaps without knowing it she is jealous of Longworth's regard.

"Then our discussion ends here," she says, calmly, after a short silence. "You refuse my offer, and these young women are to come. Mr. Longworth, will you be the one to meet them? I would not trouble you, but that you tell me you are going to New York."

"It will be no trouble; it will be a great pleasure. Yes, I will meet them and bring them home."

And then silence falls, and in that silence the clock on the mantelpiece strikes ten. Longworth rises.

"As I start by the first train I will get to bed betimes. Good night, my dear Mrs. Windsor, and for two or three days good bye."

"Good bye," she says, and rises and looks full in his eyes. "You have disappointed me more bitterly to-night, Laurence, than I ever thought mortal man could do again."

"But you do not care for me the less, I know," he answers. "Your regard is something I hold very precious; I cannot afford to lose it. How truly I return it, how profound is my gratitude to-night, it would be useless for me to try to tell. From my heart I thank you."

He holds both her hands in his close, warm grasp. He is the least demonstrative of men. To most people he is cold, silent, self-centred; but this widowed mother's regard for him has always seemed to his eyes a sacred and pathetic thing.

He is out once more in the starlight, windless and warm.

Two of Fortune's kisses in one day—well, yes, it is rather odd. To decline these kisses seems to have no particular heroism—nothing more than any man of principle might do. He would like well enough to be a rich man, but not at the cost of self-respect.

"I may as well write to Chapman, too," he thinks, "and make an end of it. My uncle took me up twenty years ago, and let me go adrift on the world after. My own fault, I know, but it is rather late in the day to whistle me back. Now he has taken up young Dexter, and when the whim seizes him is ready to throw him to the dogs and reinstate me. How long would I hold his favour, I

wonder, and if I were sent into outer darkness a second time, who would be heir-apparent number three? So I am to meet grandmamma's granddaughters! Humph! Mrs. Windsor's granddaughters ought to be pretty!"

He reaches home, lets himself in, and goes up to his room at once. They are singing and playing cards in the parlour, but he feels in no mood for music or cards. He turns up the gas, sits down, and dashes off his letter on the spot.

"BAYMOUTH, MASS., May 20, 18—.

"DEAR CHAPMAN,—Quite impossible for me to go south this year. Could not think of stealing down in Frank Dexter's absence and supplanting him. Would it not rather look like the work of a sneak? Sorry to hear the governor is breaking. Should like to see him immensely, and shake hands if I could. But I cannot as things are. Have not the slightest ill feeling towards him; I consider his letting me start out to fight Fate single-handed as the very best thing he ever did me. As to creeping in behind Dexter's back and trying to curry favour, I could not do it, you know. The *Phoenix* keeps me in bread, and beefsteaks, and books—just at present I ask no more. Waiting for dead men's shoes would never agree with my constitution. Dexter's a likely young fellow besides, and, as his mother has worked so hard for a fortune, I think he ought to have it. My uncle has no right to bring him up a prince and turn him out a pauper. So I cannot go, Chapman; but, all the same, I am obliged to you, and remain as ever, &c.,

"LAURENCE LONGWORTH.

"P.S.—Let me know if there is any danger. I should not like the dear old uncle to go without one good bye. He was awfully good to me in the old days."

"L. L."

CHAPTER VI.

GRANDMAMMA'S GRANDDAUGHTERS.

MR. LONGWORTH is up betimes next morning, and on his way to the office. He has a few letters to answer, and instructions to give to his chief staff officer, O'Sullivan. These do not occupy him long; as eight strikes he is standing on the piazza of the white

house, looking out over the broad bay, with its multitudinous waves flashing in the sunshine, and listening to the shrill chattering of the little brown sparrows in the trees.

Suddenly a harsh, discordant voice breaks the sylvan silence croaking his name."

"Larry! Larry! Larry!" shrieks this hoarse voice. "Kiss me, Larry! You're a fool, Larry! You're a fool! Oh, demmit!"

"Ah! you're there, are you?" says Longworth, glancing at an upper window, where the author of these remarks sits in the sun.

"You're a fool, Larry! A fool, a fool! Oh, demmit! *Sacre bleu!* donner und blitzen! You're a fool! You're a fool!"

Longworth's response to this torrent of bad language is a grim. He turns, looks up, and nods familiarly.

"Good morning, Polly. You're in a heavenly temper this morning as usual, I see. I shall have to go and see about your breakfast, or you will curse up hill and down dale for the rest of the day."

For the speaker is a parrot in a large gilded cage—a bird whose looks are handsomer than her conversation. She is the pupil and property of Frank Dexter. She is still screaming when Larry disappears.

Mr. Longworth reaches New York by nightfall, and spends the evening at one of the theatres. He attends to the business that has brought him next day, ascertains that the Hesperia will not reach her pier until eleven to-morrow, visits a few friends, and dines with sundry congenial souls at a literary club to which he belongs.

Next day, at eleven sharp, he is down on the pier waiting for the Hesperia and grandmamma's granddaughters. Punctual as he is, the Hesperia is still more punctual. She is there before him, and her passengers are hurrying in wild haste hither and thither. Longworth boards her, glances about for any young ladies likely to answer the idea he has in his mind of the *Demoiselles Landelle*. He has not thought much about these young ladies. What he has thought has not been exactly flattering. Even with right on their side, that "round robin" of theirs has a stupendously cheeky sound. Their feeling, he opines, cannot

be any too delicate or sensitive in thus forcing themselves, uninvited and unwelcome, upon their grandmother. He sees many young girls, dark and dashing, fair and stylish, but none that quite answer that private idea of the ladies Landelle. Presently he sees the captain, and makes straight for him.

"I am in search for two young ladies due in this vessel," he says. "They are French—their names Landelle."

"My little ladies," cries the captain, with animation. "They were afraid no one was coming to meet them, after all. Are you relative, sir?"

"No. Where are they?"

"In my cabin. This way, sir. All right, madame; I'll be back in a second. They are going to their grandmother. You are from her, I suppose?"

Longworth nods. The captain of the Hesperia throws open the cabin door, Longworth takes off his hat, and stands in the presence of the French granddaughters.

"My little ladies," exclaims the captain, cheerily, "here he is at last, sent by grandmamma, and come to fetch you; and as I am tremendously busy, I will say good bye at once!"

He shakes hands with both and departs.

Longworth is alone with the orphan girls, whose case he pleaded at his own cost. He thinks that one is without exception the most beautiful girl he has ever seen. Anything quite so faultlessly perfect as the taller of the two he does not remember ever to have met. He turns to her as she looks the older of the two, but no trace of the admiration he certainly feels is in his face.

"My name is Longworth," he says, concisely; "I live in Baymouth, and as business was bringing me to New York, your grandmother, Mrs. Windsor, requested me to meet you here and escort you there."

She bows without a word, excepts the arm he offers, the small dark sister takes the other, and in profound silence Mr. Longworth leads them to and places them in a cab, mounts besides the cabby, and they rattle off to one of the grand Broadway hotels.

"How will Madam Windsor receive these two young people?" he thinks. Civilly he hopes, icily he knows; but,

then, they must have made up their minds to pocket their pride when they determined to force themselves upon her."

"Apropos," he muses; "If she sets up that regal beauty as an heiress, presents her as such at the court of Washington next winter, what a sensation she will create. But unless the power of beauty is greater than even I give it credit for, Mrs. Windsor won't. They must have designs upon her fortune, too; nothing else would have brought them. What would they say, I wonder, if they knew of that will made last winter?"

As he thinks it, a sudden inspiration flashes upon him—so brilliant an idea that he smiles grimly to himself.

"Upon my word, that would be an easy way to reconcile difficulties, do the correct thing, and gain a couple of millions. I cannot take Mrs. Windsor's money, but I could marry *la belle blonde* and take half of it. Grandmamma would not decline the alliance, and if mademoiselle is so keen for a fortune she would not refuse it even with the incumbrance of a husband. It would be worth while on both sides, and though it is not for an outside barbarian to judge of conjugal bliss, I think it would be pleasant to look at a face like that across the breakfast-table three hundred and sixty-five days every year."

They reach the hotel and are conducted to their rooms, very spacious and elegant rooms, but with the bare dreariness pervading their elegance that is the essential atmosphere of hotels. It is now one o'clock; Mr. Longworth lingers to inform them that he will call to take dinner at three, and once more forsakes them.

"I don't think I shall like your Mr. Longworth, Petite," remarks Marie, letting down all her radiant abundance of red-gold hair, "he is too brusque. I thought Americans were something like Frenchmen in their appreciation of the *petite soins*. He is everything that there is of the most English."

"He looks sensible, and I think clever," Reine responds, "and not at all like a gentleman to be affected by the good or bad opinion of two girls. What very handsome rooms, and what a very bright and busy street. It is like the boulevards in Rouen."

The two young ladies make their toilets, and then sit amused and interested, and watch the steady stream of people, the ceaseless procession of omnibuses, and the pretty street costumes of the ladies. Three o'clock comes, and with it, punctual to a second, Mr. Longworth, who escorts them down to the great dining hall, and leads them to a little table under a window, where they can feast their eyes and their palates together."

The dinner is very good, and Mdlle. Marie, who likes good dinners, appreciates the delicate French cookery and the dry champagne. There is not much talking; what there is she and Mr. Longworth monopolize. Reine sits with her dark, still face, and large, thoughtful eyes fixed more on the street than on her plate. Her taste has not been cultivated as her sister's has; delicate dishes are thrown away upon her, and champagne makes her head ache. She will have only coffee, black and bitter.

Was she seasick? Mr. Longworth inquires, of course. Wretchedly, mademoiselle responds with pathos, unable to lift her head all the way. She kept her berth from the first day to the last, and there were times when death would be a relief. Mr. Longworth expresses his sympathy and regret. He mellows, as all men do, under the benign influence of dinner. He would never suspect, he murmurs, from her present appearance that she had been ill an instant. As she kept her cabin all the way over, she did not meet a friend of his who also crossed over—a lady, a Miss Hariott.

"I met no one monsieur—no one. But my sister knows the lady. Petite, it is the lady so kind of whom you have often told me."

Mr. Longworth glances with the nearest approach to attention he has yet shown towards the silent sister. A pair of very fine eyes meet his—remarkably fine, he decides; quite different from the velvet orbs of the other, but in their darker way quite as attractive.

"I know Mees Hariott very well," responds Mdlle. Reine. "More, monsieur, I also know *you*."

She looks at him with that sudden smile which makes so bright and vivid a change in the dark quiet of her face as

to lend it momentarily almost beauty. But it is a beauty quite unlike her sister's of soul and expression, not of pearly flesh and rosy blood.

"Am I indeed so fortunate? But, cordial friend of mine as I know Miss Hariott to be, how could she reconcile it to her conscience to bore a perfect stranger with my manifold perfections?"

"She did not bore me. She and a young gentleman bored one another. He seemed to know you very well also. His name was Dexter."

"What, Frank?"

"Yes, Monsieur Frank. It was Mees Hariott's daily habit to hold you up as a model of all perfection for Monsieur Frank to imitate. They were the only people I knew on board, and as I was always with them, your name grew a very familiar sound indeed."

"How happy am I," says Longworth, "to possess a friend who, not content with appreciating me herself, sings my praises abroad the broad Atlantic. But do you know where she and Dexter are stopping? For no doubt they will put up at the same hotel."

No, mademoiselle does not know. She has seen and bidden Mees Hariott good bye, knowing they would soon meet in Baymouth, but their destination in New York she has not learned. They linger long over desert. When they arise, Mr. Longworth proposes their coming and taking a bird's-eye view of the city a little later—New York by gaslight is worth seeing.

The young ladies assent, and all depart. They go everywhere they can go, and see everything they can see, in the space of a couple of hours, and still it is early when they return.

"Will you come to the Opera this evening?" their escort inquires. "It is not very warm, and the opera is the ever charming 'Figlia.'"

"We have no costume, monsieur," says Mdlle. Marie, glancing deprecatingly at her gray serge robe, the straight, clinging, classic folds of which have pleased Longworth's artistic eye from the first. "And papa is not yet three months dead," says Mdlle. Reine in a very low voice.

"I beg your pardon," says Longworth. "I quite forgot that."

And then he wonders for the first time why these girls are not in black.

"Papa told us not to put on mourning," says Marie, as if answering that thought; "he always considered it a useless form. He knew it was the heart that mourns, not the garments!"

"And we were too poor to buy it," adds, with simplicity, Mdlle. Reine; "but though we did not wear crape and sables, we cannot go to the Opera, monsieur."

"No, certainly not; but where, then, shall I take you?" says Longworth, feeling somewhat like the bewildered gentleman who was presented with a white elephant. "There are many other places——"

"I think it would be best to go nowhere to-night," answers Marie. "We are tired, and you cannot be troubled with us always. We will go to our rooms and retire early!"

Mr. Longworth protests, of course, that it is no trouble, that it is a pleasure, &c., but feels immeasurably relieved all the same. As they are about to part Mdlle. Reine asks him a question.

"We go to Baymouth to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, unless you wish to remain another day and see the city!"

"Oh, no, we desire to have no wish in the matter. You know madame, my grandmother?"

"Intimately, mademoiselle!"

She hesitates, and looks at him wistfully. Yes, uncommon fine eyes, Longworth thinks again—eyes of which the white is almost blue, and the brown almost black.

"Will she be kind to us, monsieur?"

It is an embarrassing question. With that earnest, crystal-clear gaze on his face, it is impossible even to equivocate.

"I hope so," he answers, slowly. After a little, "I think so; but you must be considerate with her, and wait!"

"Good night," she says, and both bow simultaneously and depart.

"Poor little thing," he thinks, touched as he remembers that wistful look. "I wish madame our grandmother were not made of quite such Spartan stuff. I fancy the little one, Petite Reine, will feel it most. Now, if I could only hunt up Dexter?"

He starts out, determined to drop in at two or three hotels. He is more for-

fortunate than he expects, for in the doorway of the second he encounters his man.

Frank is standing whistling, his hands in his pockets, his eyes on the street, when Longworth approaches and slaps him on the shoulder.

"What, my Frank! What, my baby!" (Mr. Dexter's sobriquet in times past, from his vast length of limb and breadth of shoulder, has been the Baby), "have I run you to earth at last? Bless the boy, how well he is looking!"

"Longworth, by Jupiter!" exclaims Frank, grasping his hand; "who'd have thought it? Awfully glad to see you all the same. What do you mean by hunting me down? You hav'n't been looking for me, have you?"

"For the last three hours, my boy. I know you crossed in the *Hesperia*. Is Miss Hariott here?"

"Oh, she told you," says Frank.

It is quite characteristic of Mr. Dexter to make this remark in good faith without pausing to think how she can have done it, not knowing he was on board until after they had started.

"Yes, she's here, but I don't think you can see her to-night; she was dead tired and went to bed early. But I say, old boy, how uncommonly glad I am to meet you. How are they all in Baymouth? How is Totty?"

"Blooming and lovely, and plumper than when you left."

"Is she? Do you know, I like plump women. How is my Polly?"

"Your Polly is well, and as uncivil as ever. A more disreputable old bird never talked. O'Sullivan has taught her to swear in Irish."

"Ha! ha!" laughs Frank. "How is that exiled Irish prince? I am going down to Baymouth for a week or two—going to have a yacht built."

"Where is Trumps?" asks Longworth. "You didn't leave him in Europe, did you, a present to one of the crowned heads?"

"Not likely. Here, Trumps!"

Frank whistles, and the big Newfoundland comes lumbering up, and recognizes Longworth with demonstrative doggish delight.

"I'd like to take a dog down to Totty," says Dexter. "She told me once she would like a King Charles—

they had an aristocratic sound, she said, and I know a little woolly fellow she could carry in her pocket. Do you think she would like it?"

Among Mr. Dexter's pet habits—and their name is legion—is a great and absorbing passion for animals. Down at home, in the Georgian mansion, he keeps a perfect menagerie, from small white mice to great black dogs, cows, and horses.

"Tot might," responded Longworth; "but her mother wouldn't—she abhors the canine race. A dog followed O'Sullivan home once. Stray curs always have a draggletailed habit of following the O'Sullivans. He was about the ugliest beast that ever wore a tail at one end and a bark at the other. He had only one eye and three legs—was such a hopeless and forlorn spectacle that the O named him—from some association of ideas with a certain lost cause—Head Centre on the spot. I think the name blighted him, as a bad name will blight any of us. Although he grew round and fat, and lazy and luxurious, the moment there was no possibility of his ever growing fatter or fuller, he disappeared, vanished, evaporated, made himself thin air, and never was heard of more. O'Sullivan always had dark suspicions of Mrs. Longworth and the cook, for he was of thievish propensities—the dog, I mean, not O'Sullivan—and made away with everything he could lay his paws on. But I always attributed it to his name. As a consistent Head Centre he could not have acted otherwise."

"It may have been consistent Head Centre nature," retorts Dexter, "to take all he could get, and rob his benefactors, but it wasn't consistent dog nature. I'll bring the King Charles down to Tot all the same."

"What kind of trip did you have, Baby? A good run and nice people?"

"A spanking run and a splendid crowd of fellow creatures. There was one young lady—awfully jolly little girl, with whom Miss Hariott struck up an intimacy. I wish I could find her again—never had a chance to say good bye even."

"What was her name?"

"Mademoiselle Reine."

"What was her other name?"

"I don't know. We got on with that.

She was French, and that eminently convenient word, *mademoiselle*, supplied all deficiencies."

"But her friends——"

"Had none. Travelled in charge of the captain. Papa and mamma dead. There was a sister whom nobody saw—she appeared to have taken the veil—but with whom I wanted to fall in love. Wouldn't give me a chance though. Shut herself up in her room all the way."

"Pretty, Baby?"

"Must have been, with that figure, that hair, and that voice. Didn't see her face, but know it was stunning."

"And the other one?"

"Well, she was charming, with the eyes and smile of an angel, but not what some people—you, for instance—would call exactly handsome, you know. Miss Hariott fraternized with her as she doesn't often with strangers."

"If Miss Hariott liked her, all is said; her judgment is next door to infallible. I presume you and Miss Hariott bored this unfortunate young person with perpetual talk of Baymouth?"

"Well, yes, naturally, we talked of Baymouth a good deal."

"And of Baymouth people?"

"Of some of'em—you, for instance."

"Ah! Did you ever by any chance speak of Mrs. Windsor?"

"Mrs. Windsor—the empress in her own right, who used to curdle the blood in my youthful veins whenever she said, 'Good morning, Master Frank,' in that deep, Siddons voice of hers? No, I don't think we ever spoke of Mrs. Windsor. Why?"

"Nothing," Longworth answers, with a peculiar smile.

He is thinking of this reticent little dark-eyed *mademoiselle*, sitting so demurely while they discussed Baymouth, and never dropping a hint that she, too, was going there.

"What has brought you to New York, Larry?" inquires Dexter. "*Phoenix* business, I suppose. How is that noble literary bird?"

"In full feather, pluming himself for fresh flights. Yes, *Phoenix* business has brought me, and as it is satisfactorily concluded, I shall return to-morrow. Suppose you come along."

"Can't. Promised Miss Hariott to do escort duty, and she is going to stay a

week. I want to stay myself. Who knows but that I may meet my 'little ladies' some fine afternoon among the other belles of Broadway."

"So far gone as that, dear boy? Well, the night wears apace, and I'll be off. So, until we meet at Philippi, adieu."

"I'll walk with you. Where are you staying? At your old quarters, I suppose. What train do you take to-morrow? If I have nothing better to do I'll come and see you off."

"No, don't trouble," says Longworth; "we will see enough of each other soon. How long did you tell me you meant to stay in Baymouth?"

"Only a week or two, to arrange the contract about the yacht, then 'away down south in Georgia.' My mother and the governor pine for the light of my ingenuous countenance once more. But I shall return again before the summer ends."

Mr. Longworth holds out his hand.

"Well, good bye, my Baby—here we are. Best love to Miss Hariott, of course. Take good care of her. Existence in Baymouth would be a bore without her."

"Tell you what, Larry," says Frank. "I've often thought it, too; you ought to marry Miss Hariott. She would suit you to the finest fibre of your nature, as I've read somewhere. And though she's a trifle too old——"

"Not a day too old. I asked her once, and she said no. Bless you, my Baby, and good night."

He waves his hand and disappears. Franks turns to retrace his steps in a musing mood.

"Asked her once and she said no! Wonder if he did though. He's such a one to chaff; but it would be exactly like him. Oh, if some beneficent fairy, some modern Asmodeus, would but unroof New York, and show me where my 'little ladies' are at this moment."

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. WINDSOR AT HOME.

THE ten o'clock express next morning bears away amongst its passengers Mr. Laurence Longworth and his two young ladies. Middle Marie sits serene in her loveliness at one of the windows; Middle Reine sits beside her. That lovely stretch of country that lies between

New York and Boston looks its loveliest this genial summer morning, and the dark eyes of Reine, weary of the restless tossing blue water for so many days and nights, gaze as though they could never gaze their fill. It interests Mdle. Landelle, but not to the same extent; she can look at her fellow travellers, glance over the illustrated papers, and converse with monsieur. Monsieur sits opposite; to him the route and the sunlit landscape are very old stories. He lies back and watches as steadfastly as is consistent with good breeding the fair flower face before him. It is a face upon which it is a perpetual pleasure to gaze; its youthful freshness, its perfection of feature and colouring, look as often as you may, seem ever new. Most beautiful faces are marked by some flaw, however trifling; Longworth, no mean judge, examining critically, can find none here. Many men glance in passing, pause for a second as if struck, and glance again. If she notices, her unconsciousness is something perfect; if she were blind she could not be more outwardly indifferent to it all. It appears to Mr. Longworth that she accepts this eye homage with the tranquillity of one to whom it is such an old story that it has ceased to embarrass, as something she has been accustomed to from her very cradle, and so has ceased almost to observe it.

She talks well, Longworth finds, in a soft, rather slow voice, and is a good listener. She has spent nearly all her life in London, it appears, but has visited more than once Paris, Versailles, and Rouen. Beyond France she has never been, but Reine has been up the Rhine and in the Tyrol, and once spent Holy Week in Rome with her aunt, who brought her up and took her everywhere. Longworth, upon this, glances at the *petite* figure and dusk face and still eyes of brooding darkness.

"And in spite of all this foreign travel, she leaves the onus of the conversation upon us! Or is it that she thinks it too trivial to join? How silent you are, mademoiselle!"

"Reine holds her tongue in four different languages," says Marie, with a smile and a caressing touch. "She is a wonderful linguist and a musician, is *la*

Petite. She speaks English and French, reads German and sings in Italian!"

"And yet she has not condescended to make half a dozen remarks in any language, living or dead, for the past three hours."

"You and Marie do it so well, monsieur, it would be a pity to interrupt. And I am always stupid when travelling. Besides, I was thinking."

"A self-evident fact. If one only could read those thoughts——"

"They would not interest you at all, monsieur."

Monsieur is not sure of that, but he does not say so. She has the head and brow of one who thinks more than she talks, and is a young lady whose thoughts and opinions on most subjects might be worth hearing.

"I met a friend of yours, mademoiselle," he says, still addressing himself to the younger sister, "last night, after we parted. He is lingering a whole week in New York, in the hope of encountering two young ladies who crossed with him, and whom he calls 'my little ladies.' He is desolated at having missed them on landing, and if he only knew their name would search every hotel register in the city to find them."

"Ah! Monsieur Frank," laughs Reine; "yes, we missed each other that last day. But he never saw Marie."

"Which does not hinder him from being excessively anxious to do so. Mademoiselle, you are a wonderful young lady. You hear those two people talking perpetually of Baymouth for ten long days, and never once drop a hint that you are going there yourself."

Mademoiselle lifts her eyebrows.

"But why, monsieur—why should I? How could it possibly interest them? And though extremely kind, they were yet strangers, and we do not tell strangers our family history, and where we are going, and all our biography. Why should I have told?"

"Mademoiselle, I repeat, you are an extraordinary young lady. The average American girl would have taken Miss Hariott into her confidence the moment the name of Baymouth passed her lips, retailed her own history, and found out everything there was to find concerning Mrs. Windsor and her future home. You do not speak one word. I congratulate

late myself on the pleasure of knowing a heroine who can profoundly keep her own secrets."

"Ah! now you are laughing at me. And indeed I was, and am anxious to know." A troubled look creeps into the wistful eyes fixed upon him. "Do you tell us, monsieur—you know her well—what is our grandmother like?"

"Like a queen, mademoiselle, if queens are always stately and tall, handsome and high-bred; severe, perhaps, cold certainly, but a lady to her finger tips."

"*Une grande dame*; I said so, Petite," murmurs Marie.

"Cold and severe, and we are coming uninvited and unwelcome," Reine responds, under her breath.

"But to the home that is ours by right—the only home we have in all the world," says Marie, and a look of resolution that is not unlike Mrs. Windsor's own sets her young face. "It is our right to go there, my sister."

"So!" Longworth thinks, "in spite of your pretty face, you will have a will of your own, and are a much better diplomat than Petite Reine. I foresee, if madame melt at all, it will be towards you."

Mr. Longworth, on the whole, decidedly enjoys this day's ride and companionship, although he is not so fascinated that he cannot desert them at intervals for a brief retreat to the smoking carriage. Among all the enchantresses that ever turned the heads of men, was there ever one yet who had not a formidable rival in her lover's cigar case?

They dine together in a very friendly fashion at two. Mademoiselle Marie manifests that admirable appetite which perfect health, beauty, and twenty sunny years require, but Reine's flags. She takes little; she looks restless and nervous and excited. This expression deepens as the afternoon wears on. Longworth sees it in the large eyes that glance up at him upon one of his returns from smoking. Marie, angelic almost in her slumber, has made a pillow of her shawl, removed her hat, and sleeps—a lovely vision. Reine lifts a warning finger.

"Sh! monsieur, she sleeps. She is not accustomed to railway travelling, and it fatigues her."

She looks with loving eyes at that fair, sweet, sleeping face. Longworth looks, too, with the admiration he cannot quite hide in his eyes. What a model she would make, he thinks, for a sleeping Venus. How some artistic Bohemians he wots of in New York would rave of that wondrous chevelure of red gold, those long amber eyelashes, that faint, delicate flush on the waxen skin.

"It is a pity," he says, "but I am afraid we must. In another five minutes we change carriages for Baymouth."

A flicker of fear passes over her face, and he sees it with a touch of compassion for this nervous, sensitive child.

"The other will be the better off," he thinks. "This poor little creature is to be pitied."

"How long before we reach Baymouth, monsieur?" Reine inquires.

"We shall be there at six; it is now half-past four. Here is the junction; they are slowing already. Pray wake your sister, mademoiselle, while I collect our goods and chattels."

"Marie, *m'amour*," Reine whispers, and Marie opens wide her lovely eyes.

"Are we there?" she asks, stifling a yawn.

Reine explains.

"Change for Baymouth!" shouts the conductor; and preceded by Longworth the two French girls go, and presently find themselves in another train, and flying along in another direction on the last stage of their journey home.

From this moment Reine does not speak. She looks cold and pale, and is trembling with suppressed nervous excitement. Marie sits tranquil and serene, the faint flush of sleep yet on her cheeks, a smile on her lips, a starry light in her eyes, talking brightly, and without a tremor.

"Yes," thinks Longworth, for the third time, "you will do. I fancy you were the one who wrote that remarkably cool letter. But for this Petite Reine—"

Alas, poor princess, to thy piteous moan Heaven send sweet peace.

This excitable nature of yours will work you woe in Mrs. Windsor's stern household."

The train stops at last. As all the fierce steam whistles of the Baymouth

mills and factories shriek forth the welcome hour of six, and disgorge their swarming hives, they enter a fly and are driven away to the Stone House.

"Monsieur, are you not coming with us?" Reine asks, clinging to him instinctively, and looking at him with eyes all black and wide with vague terror.

"I will go to the door," Longworth answers, kindly. "My dear Mademoiselle Reine, do not be nervous about this business. As your sister says, you are only going to your rightful home."

She makes no reply; her small face is absolutely colourless as she shrinks away into a corner of the carriage. No more is said; but a sense of kindly compassion fills Longworth. It is of her he thinks as they drive along through the familiar Baymouth streets, not of the lovely, serene Marie. And now they are at the gate, and grim and gray, and still and stern, as its mistress, the Stone House rises before them, half-hidden in trees, with the red light of the sunset on its small paned windows.

"We are here," says Longworth, somewhat superfluously.

He springs out, assists them to follow, precedes them to the door, lifts the knocker, and sends a reverberating echo through the house.

"And now I will say good bye, and good speed until we meet again."

He shakes hands cordially with both, and as the heavy hall door opens, disappears. The rather elderly woman who admits them looks at them with curious eyes.

"Be you missis's granddaughters?" she asked. "The young ladies from France?"

Marie bows with a smile.

"Then you are to walk right in; missis will be with you in a minute."

She opens the door of a reception room, handsome and costly in every appointment, but with the chill air of a state apartment not often used. They are not more than a moment here when the door opens and their grandmother is before them.

So stately, so severe, so cold, so calm, so royal.

Marie has seen a queen more than once; but a queen who did not look half so unapproachable as this lady with the silver hair and smileless face. But

Marie is not easily frightened; she has known the power of that magical face of hers too long to doubt its potency here. She goes up with both arms outstretched, and touches lightly, and quickly, and gracefully first one cheek and then the other.

"Grandmamma," she says, softly, and tears flash into the lovely eyes, "we have come."

Neither by word nor sign does Mrs. Windsor reply. She submits to the caress with just a gleam of scorn passing across her face, and her eyes rest on that other smaller, darker, less fair, and more shrinking form.

"Reine," Marie says; "come, Petite."

She comes forward, and bows very low. Mrs. Windsor holds out her hand, and Reine lifts it and touches it with her pale lips. Then grandmamma speaks for the first time.

"You are like your mother," she says, looking full at Marie, and there is not a particle of emotion in face or voice, "only very much handsomer. You are like——"

"I am like my father," Reine answers, and if there is a ring of defiance in her tone, it is involuntary and unpremeditated.

"I never saw your father," Mrs. Windsor responds, and the eyes that rest on Reine are full of chill displeasure. "Mr. Longworth"—she turns to the elder sister as she says it—"came with you, of course?" *(To be continued.)*

TRUTH.

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange;

Stranger than fiction: if it could be told,
How much would novels gain by the exchange!

How differently the world would men behold!

How oft would vice and virtue places change!

The new world would be nothing to the old,
If some Columbus of the mortal seas
Would show mankind their souls' antipodes.

What "antres vast and deserts idle" then
Would be discovered in the human soul!

What icebergs in the hearts of mighty men,
With self-love in the centre as their pole!

What Anthropophagi are nine of ten
Of those who hold the kingdoms in control!

Were things but only call'd by their right name,
Cæsar himself would be ashamed of fame

—BYRON.

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

ENGLAND'S BARDS.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

WE might say that until the fifteenth century no great poet, and consequently no great poem can be found in England. It is very remarkable that each particular country has had its own particular era of literature. In France the great age of letters was the seventeenth century—afterwards the eighteenth century was somewhat famous, but at its best it was merely the evening of that glorious day. In England also there are a couple of periods marked out in her history more by the works of the pen than of the sword. And strange to say, they correspond almost to the year with the great epochs of French and European literature. They are the end of the sixteenth and whole of the seventeenth centuries and after a lapse of a hundred years the end of the eighteenth and the commencement of the nineteenth centuries.

In the fifteenth century we find the first germs of true English poetry in the works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Truly they are in the old saxon—but that old saxon is here. It may present certain difficulties to the reader of our day, but it likewise presents most charming hidden beauties. Even as the sweetest smelling rose—the most delicate of flowers is to be found in the thickest of briars—so the most elegant ideas of Chaucer are half hidden beneath those olden expressions. He alone marks the age in which he lived.

Chaucer's efforts seemed to have inspired the only four famous poets of the sixteenth century—(we mean the commencement of the 16th.) Richard Barnfield and Richard Allison touched the lyre, and in pastorals and minor poems opened out a new era in that branch of literature. With them we find Thomas Caren, whose delicate rhymes and gem-like thoughts are only equalled by the glorious productions of Edmund Spenser.

Here we might remark that Spenser was the first English poet who left his native shore to seek inspiration in the

beauties of other lands. And it was to Ireland Spenser went, at Kilcolman Castle in a Munster valley by "the silver suir that flows through fair Clonmel," as he sings, Spenser penned his masterpiece of poetry, his *Fairie Queen*.

From Spenser's day we notice an advance in the art of poetry—even in proportion to the development of the nation's resources, the extension of her commerce and the triumphs of her arms. Robert Herrick, though inferior to Spenser is a connecting link between him and Ben. Jonson, of whom it is unnecessary to speak, and who in his turn was but the aurora of that glowing sun about to appear towards the close of the sixteenth century upon the sky of England's literature, in the person of William Shakspeare.

The iron had been warmed by those we have mentioned; it was reserved for Shakspeare to mould it into shape. In the ode, the lyric, the drama,—in every species (save one) of poetry he triumphed. In ten years he made a name immortal and gave to Europe the Spectacle of the greatest bard alive—or perhaps that ever did or ever will live. Each one of his dramas could be made the subject of an essay. But such is not our object—we merely wish to follow the history of the country and show how there are different epochs when a nation triumphs, if not on the field of blood at least in the arena of the ruined.

Shakspeare's star had not made the half of its course, when in the east a meteor arose more powerful but not so varied and delicate. Through Shakspeare England carried her name amongst those of other nations upon the tables of literary fame. But Troy, and Greece, and Rome, and Italy, and Germany had their Epic poems. France as yet was without such a monument, England likewise was wanting in that single object. It was reserved for John Milton to supply that necessary. And how did he do it?

It would seem as if all the efforts of the epic poets of ages were but so many models, whereon the epic poet of the seventeenth century should build his mighty structure. The *Odyssey* of Homer is filled with beautiful and noble descriptions of battles and deeds of arms; the *Æneid* of Virgil contains romance

in its highest degree, blended with sublime ideas of the gods and all thing noble; the "Jerusalem Delivered" of Tasso is as replete in incident and description as those of Greece and Rome, but adds thereto the idea of the true God of the Christian; but in Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Regained" all these individual instances seem to blend even as the perfections of every master in the *Chef-d'œuvre* of the Grecian artist. Milton brought the poetry of the age to its highest point. He shone like a glorious sun in the midst of a system of splendid planets—John Dryden, in his translations from the different languages and in his original productions helped greatly in heightening the standard of the day. And so did Samuel Butler, the first and perhaps greatest satiric poet of England. His quaint humor in "Hudibras" contrasted strangely with the sublime expressions of Milton. Lord Bristol, Richard Baxter and Joseph Addison followed in the wake of the foregoing, and Alexander Pope closed the seventeenth century as Shakspere opened it. Like two magnificent monuments at either end of the desert of a hundred years—in the centre of which towered aloft the mightiest pyramid in the literary history of the world—JOHN MILTON.

Most naturally, since poetry got so powerful an impetus, a number of bards sprang up in the course of the 18th century. But it was only towards the last decade thereof and the dawn of the nineteenth century that the second great epoch of English poetry is to be found. During the eighteenth century, however, the muses were not at rest. Reginald Heber and Charles Lamb wrote some very exquisite poems, and poor Henry Kirk-White and that unfortunate youth, whose days were few but brilliantly sad, Thomas Chatterton, gave England some of her choicest effusions. Then Blake, and Collins—and above all William Cowper sustained the *eclat* of the age. Cowper's Task is world-renowned; and who has not read, and laughed over, and enjoyed to his heart's content the ride of *John Gilpin*? With Cowper we have Sir John Browning, John Gay, Mark Akenside and Thomas Bayley, and last but not least Thomas Gray. It has often been said that his poem, the "Elegy in a

Country Church Yard," is the most perfect poem in the language—as to idea and to execution. At all events it is one of the most beautiful and would alone be enough to immortalize its author.

With Gray ends the eighteenth century and after him, the close of the 18th and beginning of the 19th we find the second great period of the triumph of poetry in England. And it would not be unworthy of remark that it was in the days of peace that literature most flourished in the British Isles. While her armies were over-running the land and her fleet sweeping the nations off the wave her muses sought shelter in the mountains and secluded places; but when for a moment peace was restored, songs and poetry walked forth throughout the country, chanting the praises of those who won happiness to the nation, lamenting those who fell for her glory, teaching lessons of love and devotion to the people at large.

It was in such a period that Thomas Hood came forth to fling his rich humor upon the page and to blend there with his heart-touching lines—such as "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of the Shirt." Leigh Hunt, Crabbe and Canning developed and enlarged upon some of the glowing thoughts of Hood and added thereto their own splendid conceptions. Robert Southey and Percy Bysshe Shelley struck each a new chord in the lyre. Shelley saw joys and sorrows; he drank deep at the fountains of human pleasure and deeper still at the spring of human sorrows. He perished at Naples, no doubt while enjoying in his poetic soul the ever famous beauties of that lovely bay. Ebenezer Elliott, though not as famous as those just mentioned, under the title of *The Corn Law Rhymers*, made himself a name in the history of the time.

But perhaps, the most famous, although the youngest and worst treated of all bards was John Keats. Unfortunate Keats; he knew not his own worth and the world knew not how awfully, how terribly cruel it was, when it cut the life-chord of that noble heart. His "Endemion" and "Hypereon" are enough to make of him the prince of imaginative poets. But his "Eve of St. Agnes" crowns all his works. In order to understand Keats, and to fathom all

that his works contain, and to form an idea of his genius, we must remember that he scarcely lived twenty-four years, and lived the greater portion of those years in misery and privation, and died a prey to sorrow and misfortune. He was the saddest and perhaps the most original, the most faithful and most ill-used bard England can now or ever will be able to boast.

As Keats disappeared there arose at the end of the last century another poet. One who wrote and was laughed at by the powerful critic of the *Edinburgh Review*. One who was young in years and in experience, but who "awoke one morning and found himself famous. We refer to Lord Byron.

Byron is to the 18th what Shakspeare was to the 16th century. His "Childe Harold" has placed him foremost amongst the first, not only of English poets but also of the bards of Europe. His "Isles of Greece," and "Siege of Corinth," are models for the world. In grandeur of idea and expression he has no superior in the language save Milton, and for the ordinary reader Byron is far more easily understood than the great epic poet. Byron has been attacked when alive and that very attack drew him forth, created for him a name greater than any of his age. Byron has been attacked since the sod has covered his remains, and such an attack is cowardly and unworthy of a man and above all of a woman. No matter what were his faults in private life, and we all have our share of them, his poetry stands on a sublime elevation. Those attacks are like to the mist that arises in foul vapours from the ocean, hiding the sun from our sight and not even approaching within millions of miles of the glowing orb itself. There are such people in the world who love to dance in petty triumph upon the tombs of those whom in life-time they would have feared and sought for, admired and respected. Let them raise their pigmy hands they cannot overturn the colossus that looms upon the horizon of England's literary world!

It would seem as if the muses had awaited the end of the two great epochs in English poetry before handing the lyre to a woman. In the present century we find Mrs. Hemans, whose verses

are touching and noble, Hon. Mrs. Norton, her rival in everything grand and simple and truly womanly in poetry; Miss Mulock, Eliza Cook and Elizabeth Barrett Browning whose little gems of thought set off so completely the diadem that has been set upon the brow of this century by the hands of Lord Macaulay, in his "Lays of Ancient Rome," Wm. M. Thackeray as well in his poems as in his romances, Wm. Wordsworth through his numberless effusions and Alfred Tennyson the poet laureate of England, the author of "In Memoriam" and the "Famous charge of the Six Hundred."

There still live many of the poets of the present century and amongst them Matthew Arnold, whose productions are stamped with a glow of thought and a depth of originality almost impossible to understand or believe unless read. And we must not forget Charles Dickens. Although in another field he won his fame yet the little poem of the "Ivy Green" would be enough to rank him among the bards of England.

This age will pass over and it is to be hoped that in the next century when the land will be in peace and happiness a new series of bards may spring up, with minds as powerful as those of the 16th and 18th centuries. It is but just that England should have three such periods as well as other nations seem to have had.

Any person who would desire to study the advancement and rise of the English nation, and to mark her great events, could not do better than to hold in the left hand the works of the poets of each age while in the right hand he holds the records of the deeds of glory and the works of the people. But you will ask what is a bard? and what has he to do with the country? Denis Florence McCarthy likewise asks that question and then answers it as follows:

But who is this with tresses flowing,
Flashing eyes and forehead glowing,
"From whose lips the thunder-music
Pealeth o'er the listening land."
'Tis the first and last of preachers,
First and last of priestly teachers;
First and last of those appointed
In the ranks of the anointed;
With their songs like swords to sever
Tyranny and Falsehood's bands!
'Tis the Poet—sum and total,

Of the others,
 With his brothers,
 In his rich robes sacerdotal,
 Singing from his golden psalter,
 Comes he now to wed the twain—
 Truth and Beauty,
 Rest and Duty,
 Hope and Fear and Joy and Pain,
 Unite for weal or woe beneath the Poet's
 chain!

PEASANT PROPRIETORS.

WHAT might have been, long ago, in Ireland, and what may yet be, under the Providence of God, throughout Erin, is described by a correspondent of the *Dublin Freeman* who visited sundry proprietors in the neighborhood of Newtown Stewart and Strabane, County Tyrone. We extract the description of the first farm visited:—

“What did I expect to find—a sudden change from the indolence, dirt, untidiness, unthrift that is proverbially attributed to Irish tenants? Certainly not, for my experience of this district, as well as many others in Ireland, is that clean and comfortable houses, good farming, and saving habits are far more prevalent than the reverse.

“With the exception of the landlords, whose cry to the tenants is ever like Pharaoh's, ‘Ye are idle!’ the industry and thrift of the Irish peasantry have struck every observer. While the English landowner provides all the fixed capital for working the farm and the cost of its maintenance, the Irish tenant at will must provide both this and the ordinary farming capital. Scarcely a house can be visited in this district where, if the whole family history is disclosed, there are not to be found most remarkable instances of thrift and family affection.

“The lands visited lay on the southern side of the Mourne Valley through which runs the railway from Omagh to Strabane and Derry, and they run up into a high moorland district. The first farm visited comprised forty-five acres, some fields of which were detached and more than half a mile distant from the homestead. The house was approached by a graveled avenue between neatly cut thorn hedges. Around the house

and garden were a good many large trees—ash, beech, sycamore of forty or fifty years' growth, and also some young larch recently planted. The house was comfortable, clean, and slated. Some of the offices were new, put up since the purchase of the farm in 1875. The largest new building was forty feet long by sixteen wide, and in it were the horses, three in number, and three milch cows. The old stable had been turned into a barn in which a threshing machine costing £35 had just been put up. Boarding for the new floor were seasoning and not yet laid down. Lime and stones were collected for more buildings. ‘I'll have a set of slated houses that'll be good for whoever succeeds me,’ said the owner. ‘And who will that be?’ asked I, ‘will you divide it among your two sons?’ He answered, ‘it'll be little enough for one of them. Whoever gets it must pay the other children something if I can't save for them, but the farm must not be divided.’ He then took me out into the field and showed me piles of boulders which he and his sons had raised out of the ground during the past two years. ‘I've done nothing,’ he said, ‘that I mightn't have done as a tenant, but my rent would surely have been raised; now it's our own.’”

It is no wonder that the raising of rents in these mountainous districts should be bitterly resented. The grubbing up and removal of boulders from the soil the commonest improvements effected, is a most laborious and expensive work. It is done by slow degrees on most farms, no formal account can be kept, and no trace of the work remains. The stones are used in building houses, buried in drains, or piled up into fences. There is nothing whatever to tell the landlord's valuer, nor is it his business, that five, ten, or twenty years ago the cornfield or meadow was a mass of boulders amid which grew nothing but rushes, flags, and buttercups.

Solid love, whose root is virtue, can no more die, than virtue itself.

Virtue requires no other recompense than the tribute of self approbation and respect.



CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.

THE first American Cardinal was born in Brooklyn, in the year 1810. The city of his birth now boasts of half a million inhabitants and contains more than fifty Catholic churches; but in the boyhood days of the present Cardinal it contained no Catholic temple and had a population below five thousand. His devout parents on Sunday mornings always conducted him across the East river to St. Peter's in Barclay street.

In his eleventh year the boy was sent to Mount St. Mary's College, and ardently pursued his studies until 1828, at which early age his scholastic attainments and well poised character already

gave promise of a brilliant career. Consecrating himself to the ministry, he spent four more years in theological study, was ordained January 12, 1834, and a twelvemonth later repaired to Rome to qualify himself more fully for the duties of a teacher. Trained and equipped by a three year's absence in Europe, he returned to New York, and a projected diocesan seminary not being ready for occupation, was appointed to the pastorate of St. Joseph's Church, where his zeal and gentleness won all hearts. On his 34th birthday he was consecrated a Bishop, as coadjutor to Archbishop Hughes, and in that capa-

city unweariedly toiled to organize, strengthen and confirm the faithful throughout the immense archdiocese, which at length had to be subdivided, and from 1847 to 1864 Bishop McCloskey filled the see of Albany.

On the death of Archbishop Hughes he was transferred to New York. With the work which he has accomplished here, all Catholics are already familiar. Men of all creeds and classes hailed with pleasure the tidings announcing that he had been raised to the dignity of Cardinal Priest by the lamented Pio Nono in the consistory of July 15, 1875.—*New York Catholic Fireside.*

REFLECTIONS ON NATURE!

I.

From this cold earth let us spring,
Fancy, on thy soaring wing,
And a novel anthem sing

Through the sky.

Leaving sin and strife below,
Care and grief and earthly woe,
Pure as white flake of the snow—

To the eye.

Let our hymn of praise resound,
All creation round and round,
'Till an echo it has found

There on high;

With the eagle's stately flight,
Rising in his kingly might,
In the azure out of sight—

Let us vie!

II.

Far above this dreary sod,
By frail mortal ever trod,
Let our souls arise to God;

And in praise,

Let us view the wonders grand,
Works of His Almighty Hand.
At whose sole and dread command

Worlds can raise!

See yon sun in splendor bright,
Source of never-failing light,—
Lost the shades of dismal night

In its blaze;

Thus the clouds of sin must fly,
When through the eternal sky,
Justice's Sun appears on high,

In His rays!

III.

See yon stars that twinkle bright,
In the azure dome of night,
Shedding forth a mellow light,

In each beam!

See yon orb that slowly glides,
Where the evening cloud divides—
All the planets now she hides,

In her stream!

Thus of old did virtues shine,
Far away in Palestine,
'Till an orb of ray Divine

There did Glean;

And its floods from high above,
Lights of everlasting Love,
Lit the souls that upward strove,—

As a dream!

IV.

What a dream for man to dream!
All had changed and all did seem
New, regenerate in that beam,—

On the East.

Orb that lights our earthly ray,
In your grandest, purest ray,
You invite us then to pray—

As a priest!

You remind us of His might,
You remind us of His light,
And the chains of darksome night,

He released;

You are there to ever preach,
You are sent to guide and teach,
In your glowing, silent speech—

Gorgeous Priest!

V.

When the evening shadows roll,
As the sun is nigh his goal,
See yon bow, from pole to pole,

Bending there!

Seven hues are blending bright,
Seven from each ray of light,
Seven times to human sight,

Is it fair?

Thus the ray that comes from high—
From the mansions of the sky,
Falls upon the clouds that lie

On our air;

In the prison of the heart,
Decomposed, that ray will part,
And in Seven Gifts will start

Rainbow there!

VI.

See yon stream that leaps along,
Singing to the woods its song,
Blending now in current strong

To the Sea,

Thus the tide of life now flows—
Not one moment of repose.
Rushing onward to its close—

To be free!

First the stream is limpid bright,
Fairly silvery to the sight,
Then it blends into the might

Of the sea,

Thus each life day to day
Seems to ever roll away,
Towards thy portals dim and gray

Eternity!

JOSEPH K. FORAN,

Green Park, Aylmer, 1st Nov., 1880.

A LUCKY DREAM.

HOW CONNOR McDERMOTT HEARD THE
MIDNIGHT MASS.

"YOU'LL be careful now, Connor dear—will you not? And you will not allow yourself to be led into drinking and foolishness this blessed night?"

Norah O'Brien's beautiful dark eyes were raised with an appealing glance to the handsome russet-tinged face of her stalwart young lover.

"Never doubt me darling," was the reply, as Connor drew her to him and kissed her blooming cheek, "you know I never broke my word with you."

"I do trust your brave, honest heart, Connor. But the city beyond is a gay place, full o' temptations. Jack Halligan, too, is a wild, roystering, harem-skarem fellow; and he might lead you into danger without your knowing, if you didn't keep a sure guard upon yourself. And on this blessed and holy Christmas Eve, it would pain me sore to see my dear good boy staggering home like any ne'er-do-well o' them all."

"My wise and loving little woman!" said McDermott tenderly, "You need have no fear. It is only a drive of five miles; and when we get all the things we want, I promise you I'll not let Jack or the other boys linger long about the streets. We'll be home safe, please God before the first faint echo o' the joy bells reaches you."

"Hallo, Connor," shouted a loud hearty voice, as a genuine Irish "jaunting jar" came driving up the road. It was freighted by three merry-looking young fellows, the speaker holding the reins. "Are you ready, old boy? A merry Christmas to you, Norah—we must take that big gorsoon away from you for awhile; but never fear for him; I warrant you we'll bring him back safe and sound."

"I'll trust more to his own good sense," replied Norah, "than to your guidance, mad Jack Halligan. When you and Condry Rourke there and Dan Barry are together I fear mischief."

"Oh, be the powers, boys!" exclaimed Halligan, cracking his whip indignantly, and looking the picture of injured innocence—"there's language for

you to use to the three decentest and quietest boys in the whole barony. Ah! there's nothing bates the tongue o' women for defamation of character. But step in, Connor, my lad; the mare is very fresh and wants to feel her feet under her."

And well her feet carried her, too. The well-balanced car, with two on each side, swept over the road at a rattling pace, and the good mare seemed to take her work with loving kindness.

It was a bright, cold, crisp winter's evening. The sky was almost cloudless; there was a glimmer of red still in the north-west; and there was that peculiar fresh healthful sense in the atmosphere which gave warning of a coming frost. The four young men were in the height of vigorous health and joyous spirits; and as the horse's iron-shod hoofs clattered along the hard road, they made the evening air resonant with merry jest, and snatches of song, and shout of boisterous ringing laughter.

But driving into the good city of Cork on that Christmas Eve, to make various purchases for the pleasant festival of the morrow, it was easier for Connor McDermott, or his young friends, to make promises of abstemiousness than to keep them. Many were the friends and old acquaintances they met in familiar places in the city; and it would be absurd to suppose that they could get away without exchanging the compliments of the season and indulging in more than one social glass.

It was late when the horse's head was turned for home. The moon was radiant in the clear dark blue sky, and countless stars sprinkled like diamond dust over the vault of heaven, twinkled with that bright crepuscular light which indicates a keen and cutting "Black Frost." Connor McDermott had kept his promise to his pretty sweetheart thus far that he was not drunk or tipsy—for he had a good strong head of his own and could bear a fair allowance. But he was merry enough for all that, and had yielded so far to the pressing and irresistible hospitality of his city friends that he had taken quite as much as was good for him. His three companions were merrier still, and to provide against the cold night drive, they had

brought with them a bottle of "Wyse's Old Malt," which each one lifted to his lips more than once with the most affectionate greeting.

"Connor, my boy," cried mad Jack Halligan, stretching over the bottle to his friend. "Take a pull, my son; 'twill warm the cockles of your heart. Why, blood alive, man? you're drinking nothing."

"Never mind me, Jack," replied McDermott. "I've had quite enough for the present; and I'll take no more till we get home."

Now Connor, though a good-humored, gentle-mannered fellow, who quarrelled with nobody, was notoriously obstinate and persistent in his resolution when once he had "taken a thing into his head," and his friends knew that it would be useless to press him further.

"Well, there's no force, ma bouchal," he said. "So here's to your good health, Connor, and to Nora O'Brien's bright eyes."

The bottle went round among the other three, and their chorus rose high—loud enough certainly, if not quite in time and tune.

"Here we are in the region of ghosts," said Condé Rourke, with thicker and huskier utterance than usual, as they mounted the hilly road. "They say the ould monks come out of their graves every Christmas Eve, and walk in procession and sing psalms through the ruined aisles of the old abbey yonder."

"Why, then," said Dan Barry, with a look of tipsy-awe, as he regarded the ruined walls of the ancient structure, wierdly silvered by the moon-rays, "I wonder is there any truth in that at all?"

"Tut, you gomeril," rejoined Jack Halligan, contemptuously; "don't you know well it's all raumaush—ould granny's nonsense?"

"By my faith!" exclaimed Connor McDermott, suddenly, "I'm strongly inclined to try. 'Tis closing fast upon twelve o'clock, and we'll soon hear the Bells of Shandon rolling their chimes upon the breeze. I've a great mind to watch for the ghosts."

Jack Halligan and Condé Rourke burst into a hearty laugh, which Dan Barry echoed very faintly as he peered around.

"By my soul, Connor," cried Jack, "that would be a funny notion indeed. I like the idea of you, my bould and daring hayro, sitting amongst the tombstones yonder, and shivering in the night frost, whilst we were having our jug o' punch snug and warm by ould Michael O'Brien's fireside, with purty little Nora sulking in the corner. No, my boy, I'm thiinking you'll be after letting the ghosts of the ould monks alone to-night."

"You'd better not be so sure o' that," replied Connor, whose organ of "oppositiveness" was immediately excited. "I've have often thought I'd try if there was any truth in that story o' the monks appearing with book, and bell, and incense, at Christmas Eve just as midnight came on. There was a great lot of 'em slaughtered there when that wicked old hag, Elizabeth (bloody King Harry's daughter and granddaughter all in one), was Queen of England; and 'twas a McDermott was abbot at the time. Yes, I've a great mind entirely to do it—I have now."

"Oh, nonsense, Connor," remonstrated Jack—"you're only joking."

"I don't see the nonsense or the joke either," rejoined McDermott, with asperity. "My poor father, Heaven rest his soul, often stopped and turned in there of an evening like this to say a prayer or two on the spot where the high altar stood; and why shouldn't his son, I should like to know? Yes, I'll do it—pull up."

"Why then now, Connor, are you serious?"

"Never more serious in my life," replied McDermott, whom opposition only confirmed in his purpose, especially when he had an extra glass of liquor, on board, as on the present occasion.

"Be it so, then, in the name of all that's foolish," exclaimed Jack Halligan, checking his horse. "Wilful man must have his way."

Connor McDermott sprang lightly to the ground, and with a cheery "good-night," cleared the ditch and strode away to the ruins.

"Good-night to you, lad," shouted Jack. "A pleasant vigil to you. I'll take your remembrance to Norah, and in the morning you can come and tell us

all the ould monks and Abbott McDermott said and did."

"He's very bould and daring entirely," said Dan Barry, looking after the re-treating figure with superstitious awe."

"He's a fool," replied Halligan, with a frown of contempt. "Hand over the bottle, Condry, my son. Hip! hip! old girl—you'll soon be home."

Connor stood in the nave of the ruined abbey church, and gazed silently upon the desecrated and desolated chancel. The moon, high up in the heavens, filled the enclosure with a pale, ghostly light, except where the ruined pillars and niches were black in shadow.

"Here," he murmured, "the McDermotts worshiped God in the old days passed away, when the land was ours, and the grasp of the stranger was not at our throats. I might almost fancy that the ancient monks did really rise from their graves and gather here every Christmas Eve to sing God's praise in the old, consecrated spot. I'll be nothing the worse for saying a prayer or two, at any rate."

As he spoke he uncovered his head and knelt down before a sculptured tomb, on the broad slab of which the outlines of a knightly form had long been defaced. As he murmured the words of supplication, a strange, soothing feeling crept over him; and the soft silvery tones of the beautiful and solemn city chimes were borne faintly to his ears. Even as the sound of the bells, sinking and swelling, floated over the still silence of the night, the ruined building was suddenly lit up with a golden radiance.

Connor McDermott looked around him in wonder and awe. The chancel was no longer deserted and squalid with rank weeds. An altar stood there, covered with fine white cloth and lace, and with the sacred vessels in the centre. A thousand waxen tapers burned there, and lit up a large golden crucifix that rose almost to the roof. That arched roof was a deep dark blue in color, and studded with golden stars. The clustering pillars rose gracefully on either side, and the niches were filled with statues of sainted virgin, shorn priest, and mitred abbot, whilst banners with the cross floated over every bay.

The living watcher heard no steps ap-

proaching, no rustle of garments round him; but suddenly the sacred edifice was filled with silent worshippers. They were quaintly dressed in tight-fitting raiment, and some wore loose flowing cloaks of saffron color on their shoulders. Many of them, men tall and stalwart, wore sword or dagger on their hip; and their brown hair fell long and waving down their backs, whilst the thick marshal *glib* ornamented the lip of each. The women knelt in devout and reverent attitude, but though their lips moved and they dropped the rounded beads, one after the other, not a sound disturbed the solemn silence that reigned through nave and aisles.

In a place of honor, near the choir, knelt a tall and stately man, clad in rich robes, and with a circlet on his head. He had the royal bearing of a monarch, a proud, handsome face, and an eye with the glance of an eagle. Beside him was a queenly matron, who bowed her beautiful swan-like neck in humble adoration before the altar; and behind this noble pair there were gallant youths and lovely maidens not a few. But still from all that crowded congregation no sound of murmuring voice, no rustle of cloth or linen robe was heard, and all was still as death.

But presently the faint sigh of distant music was borne on the midnight air. It came nearer, and Connor McDermott could hear the trill and clang of harps, and the harmony of many voices mingled in song of praise and adoration.

Then through the porch came the gleam of more light, and white-robed acolytes approached, bearing tapers in their hands. One bore aloft the golden memento of Christ's last hour on the hill of Calvary, and another held a swinging censor that filled the consecrated shrine with a subtle perfume. After these came an aged man in vestments of cloth and gold. His snowy beard flowed downward to his waist. He held a jeweled crozier in his right hand, and his head was covered by an abbot's mitre. As he lifted his face to the altar, Connor thought his great dark eyes had a strange far-off look; but still there was an expression on that face which reminded him of his own father.

"'Tis the Abbot Lorcan McDermott,"

he thought, "who, as I have read, became a martyr nearly three hundred years ago."

Vested priests and white-robed choristers and hoary minstrels with sounding harps followed the aged dignitary; and from the mingled voices and trembling strings that harmony of tuneful prayer and praise went up to the listening ear of Heaven. It seemed as if the angels round the Throne had joined with the tongues of mortals to sing the glories of the Messiah newly born. The heart of Connor McDermott was moved by mingled emotions of awe, reverence and joy.

The gray-haired abbot ascended the throne at the left side of the high altar; and the sacrifice of the midnight Mass began. The tinkle of silver bells was heard, and every head was bowed in reverence. The arching roof echoed to the solemn strains of the "Kyrie Eleison." In triumphant tones the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" pealed through nave and aisle. The odor of the incense was heavy on the air, and all this pomp and majesty of Christian worship swayed Connor with such deep emotions as he had never been conscious of before.

Then the aged abbot rose from his chair, and bowing on bended knee before the altar, murmured a brief prayer. Rising again, he ascended the steps, and turning round to the congregation, extended his hands in gesture of benediction. Connor McDermott thought that those dark, earnest eyes regarded him with a peculiar pitying, tender look. Then the aged man read the glorious gospel of the day, and proceeded to address his hearers in language glowing with inspired eloquence and melting with pathos.

He spoke of love, and especially of the love which Christ bore towards the sinful race of mankind—love so all-absorbing that for their sakes He gave Himself up a sacrifice, a bleeding victim on the cross. He spoke, too, of the love which all men should bear to one another—of the love of home and friends, and kindred and native land, which is called patriotism. He strove to impress upon his hearers, in words of burning eloquence, that it was the duty of all Irishmen to love, cherish and defend one another; and dissension and

division among them was a terrible crime. "Oh, my brethren," said the old man, "princes and people, chiefs and clansmen alike. I would say to you, you will never be happy till you join in unity of purpose and mutual love, whilst your enemies are joined in hate against you. Wherefore, Irishmen, in urging you to unite heart and hand to rescue your beautiful and unhappy country from her bondage, I would say to you, in the words of Him born to-day for your salvation — 'this command I give you, that you love one another.'"

It was very strange; but even as the aged abbot spoke, Connor thought his eyes were fixed on *him*, and on him alone, and that all his words were directly addressed to him.

The Mass went on to its conclusion; and then again the white-bearded abbot ascended the altar-steps with mitre and crozier, and with hands outstretched gave the congregation his solemn blessing. But here again, Connor thought those eyes were fixed on him alone, that the aged, trembling hands were stretched out for him, and that the blessing was specially called down upon his head by those eloquent lips.

Mass being concluded, choristers and priests rose as if to depart. But, instead of walking out in stately procession, prelates, priests and people seemed to melt away; and when Connor McDermott suddenly started and looked up, the cold moonbeams were falling upon his upturned face. The chancel was again desolate; the ruined pillars looked bleak and shadowy once more; and the dark blue sky, studded with twinkling stars, was the only roof over the young head. Connor rose from his knees, cold and shivering, and looked wonderingly around him.

"I must have fallen asleep," he muttered. "'Tis mortal cold here. But what a queer dream that was. I never heard o' the likes: 'tis wonderful entirely. By my word, now, I'm glad I came here to say a prayer or two. That dream was worth all the trouble; and, for that matter, perhaps, it wasn't a mere dream after all. I think I see that wonderful old abbot still, and hear his words of blessing falling on my ears. And the music o' the harps, too, and the

strange dresses, and the long, flowing hair: 'tis wonderful entirely. I wonder, now, what'll Norah say when I tell her all about it! Will she laugh at me?"

It was better than half an hour after midnight when a lonely wayfarer, wending his way down the steep road which led in the direction of old Michael O'Brien's cottage, was startled by a sound like the groan of some one in great agony, proceeding from the left hand side. The man knew there was a large sand-pit there, and he hurried across to peer down into the deep hollow. Below he could see a confused mass of something, he knew not what; for the shadow of the high bank came between it and the moon. But again that groan of agony rose to his ears, more faint and pitiful than before.

"In the name of Heaven!" exclaimed the man, crossing himself, "is there any poor suffering Christian lying down there?"

"Oh, yes, neighbor," said an eager voice in accents indicative of much pain. "Our horse took fright, and the car fell over into the sand-pit; and I'm afraid both my companions are killed."

"And who are you at all, a-drahar?" asked the man.

"I'm Dan Barry o' the mill," was the reply. "And 'tis poor Jack Halligan and Condy Rourke that's lying here—stone dead, I'm thinking."

"Oh, murder! murder! what is to be done?"

"Neighbor," said the wounded man, "if you've no help with you, run off at once to Michael O'Brien's house below—run for the love of heaven—and tell 'em what's happened. They'll send help soon. I can't move; for my leg is broken and the wheel is on it."

The man started on his message instantly, and was soon thundering at O'Brien's door. The family were all up still; for they had only just returned from the Midnight Mass in the parish chapel. They speedily learned from the man's lips a story that filled them with horror and dismay. Norah, O'Brien uttered a loud scream and grasped the stranger's arm. She was as pale as death and trembling in every limb.

"Did ye hear the name o' Connor

M'Dermott?" she asked almost inarticulately, and in a hoarse whisper.

"Divil a bit," was the reply. "He said there were only two others, Rourke and Halligan; and never a Connor M'Dermott was mentioned."

Norah clasped her hands, and raised her eyes in thankfulness to Heaven.

"Oh God be thanked, he is safe then," she murmured. But, where can he be? why did he not come on with the others?"

In a short time Michael O'Brien and his daughter, accompanied by some stout fellows, reached the sand-pit. And piteous was the spectacle which there met their eyes. The car was almost smashed to pieces, and the mare lay dead; she had rolled over on her head and broken her neck. Barry lay groaning with the heavy weight which lay on his shattered limb. A little further away, as if he had been flung forward when the vehicle was overturned, lay Rourke, insensible, but still living. He had received concussion on the brain. But under the *debris* of the car, lay poor wild merry Jack Halligan, doubled up, with his left hand still clutching the useless reins; cold and still he lay, past all human power of cure. Norah drew back with a shudder. "Poor, foolish, unhappy Jack! May the Lord be merciful to his poor soul!"

One of the party had taken the precaution to bring with him some stimulant, and he held it to poor Dan Barry's palid lips.

"But how about Connor McDermott?" he asked. "What of him?"

"Yes, Dan, dear," cried Norah eagerly. "What's become of Connor?"

"Och," groaned the wounded man. "I wish I was where he is now, no matter for all the ghosts in the world."

"Ghosts! is the man raving? What on earth d'ye mean, Dan?"

"Why, you see, we were talking about the ghosts of the ancient monks that, they say, haunts the old abbey, and marches about in procession there every Christmas Eve night. Nothing would do Connor, who is always a risky daring fellow, but he must go and see if there was any truth in the story; and the more poor Jack laughed and reasoned against him, the more obstinate he became, you see."

"And he went?"

"Yes; and I wish I had gone too. For we drove away laughing and shouting to him. Then, you see, poor Halligan took the bottle from Condy there to have a drink. At that moment the mare took fright at the broken branch of a tree shaking in the moonlight, and dashed down the road headlong. Jack, holding the bottle—my curse upon it!—in his hand!—had no ready control over the reins, and, before we knew where we were, the frightened beast rolled over the sand pit killing herself and her poor owner—honest Jack, that was nobody's enemy but his own—and smashing the car to pieces. There now, ye know all."

Norah's lips moved softly in silent, heartfelt prayer.

"The old Abbey?" muttered Michael O'Brien. "That where his father that's dead—Teig McDermott, dacent man—used to go at times to pray. There's a guardian sperrit watching over that boy."

"Even as he spoke the tramp of a quick footstep was audible on the road above; and they heard a rich manly voice singing the beautiful Christmas hymn, the "Adeste Fideles."

"'Tis he—'tis Connor!" cried Norah, springing up; and in a few moments more she was clasped in her wondering lover's arms.

"Why, my darling!" exclaimed the astonished youth "what on earth brings you here, in such a place and at such an hour?"

"God be thanked, you are safe, Connor!" she murmured. And then she hastily told him of the accident which had happened to his comrades. He sprang from her embrace, dashed down the steep embankment, and threw himself upon the body of his friend.

"Poor brave Jack?" he groaned. "Would to Heaven that I had not let you go!" He kissed the cold cheek, and cried like a child.

When Connor McDermott related his adventure in the old ruined Abbey to his wondering listeners, they unanimously refused to believe it a dream. To them it was a full and complete confirmation of the popular belief that, regularly

every year, the spirits of the ancient monks sang the Christmas Midnight Mass in the ruined Abbey church; and they said it was surely the spirit of the famous old Abbot Loran who had saved the son of the McDermott's from the fate of his companions.

Connor is now the respected father of a large family, with a buxom, bright-eyed wife beside him; and often by the Christmas fireside, he tells the story of his wonderful dream to an eager crowd of young listeners.

Dan Barry and Condy Rourke are also married and prosperous, as things in Ireland go—which is saying very little; and they are both reputed to be as sober and respected men as are to be found in the whole barony.

OLD TIME AND I.

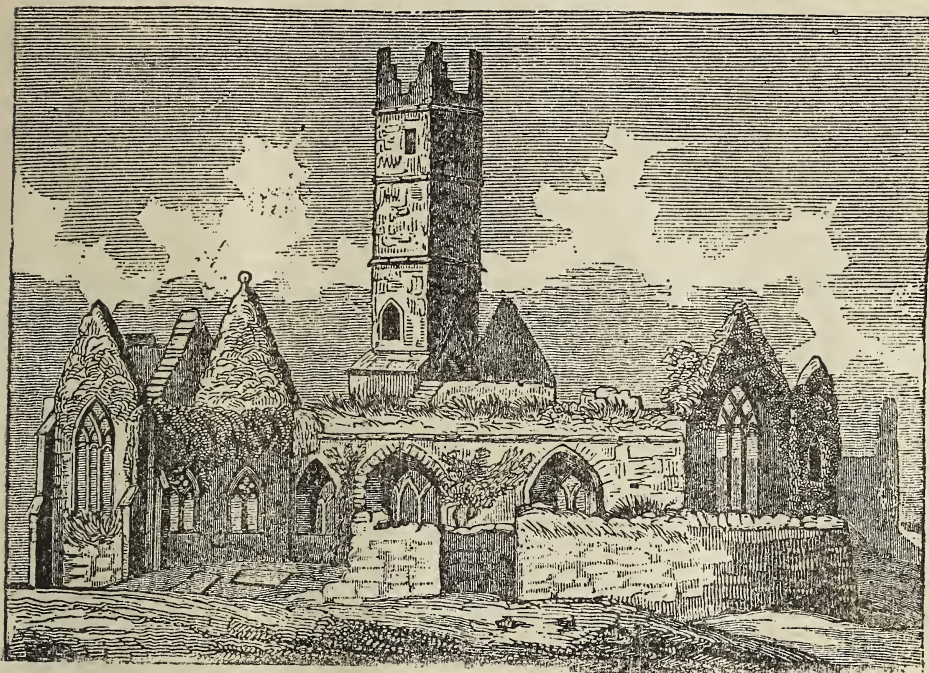
BY MARK LEMON.

Old Time and I the other night
Had a carouse together;
The wine was golden warm, and bright—
Ay! just like summer weather.
Quoth I, "There's Christmas come again,
And I no farthing richer;"
Time answered, "Ah! the old, old strain—
I prithee pass the pitcher.

"Why measure all your good in gold?
No rope of sand is weaker;
'Tis hard to get, 'tis hard to hold—
Come, lad, fill up your beaker.
Hast thou not found true friends more true,
And loving ones more loving?"
I could but say, "A few—a few;
So keep the liquid moving."

"Hast thou not seen the prosp'rous knave
Come down a precious thumper?
His cheats disclosed?" "I have—I have!"
"Well, surely that's a bumper."
"Nay, hold a while; I've seen the just
Find all their hopes grow dimmer."
"They will hope on, and strive, and trust,
"And conquer!" "That's a brimmer."

"'Tis not because to-day is dark,
No brighter days before 'em;
There's rest for every storm-tossed bark."
"So be it! Pass the jorum!"
"Yet I must own I should not mind
To be a little richer."
"Labor and wait, and you may find—
Hallo! an empty pitcher."



QUIN ABBEY.

QUIN, called also Quint or Quinchy, is situated in the barony of Bunratty, about five miles east of Ennis. An abbey was founded here at an early period, which was consumed by fire, A. D. 1278.

In 1402, Mac Cam Dall Macnamara, lord of Glancoilean, erected the present monastery, being a beautiful strong building of black marble; his tomb is still remaining. This monastery, with all the manors, advowsons, &c. of Daveunwall, Ichancee, Downagour, and divers others, with the site of all the hereditaments thereof, was granted to Sir Turlough O'Brien, of Innishdyman (Innistymon) in fee, December 14, 1583.

The monastery was repaired in 1604. Bishop Pococke thus describes its present state: "Quin is one of the finest and most entire monasteries that I have seen in Ireland; it is situated on a fine stream, with an ascent of several steps to the church: at the entrance one is surprised with the view of the high altar entire, and of an altar on each side of the arch of the chancel. To the south is a chapel, with three or four altars in it, and a very gothic figure in relief of some saint; on the north side of the chancel is a fine monument of the family

of the Macnamaras of Rance, erected by the founder; on a stone by the high altar the name of Kennedye appears in large letters; in the middle, between the body and the chancel, is a fine tower built on the gable ends. The cloister is in the usual form, with couplets of pillars, but it is particular in having buttresses round it by way of ornament; there are apartments on three sides of it, the refectory, the dormitory, and another grand room to the north of the chancel, with a vaulted room under them all; to the north of the large room is a closet, which leads through a private way to a very strong round tower, the walls of which are near ten feet thick. In the front of the monastery is a building, which seems to have been an apartment for strangers, and to the south-west are two other buildings."

The south end, built by one of the family of Macnamara, is much superior in neatness of workmanship to the adjoining parts. There are the remains of a curious representation of a crucifixion in stucco on the wall near the high altar, that have escaped, I believe, the observation of all travellers.—*Dublin Penny Journal*.

INDIAN LYRICS.

IX.

THE DELAWARES.

We passed the pleasant Orange* river,
Far in the wilderness to dwell,
And to our hunting grounds forever
Have bid a last and sad farewell.
The Whiteman's system would enslave us,
His customs with us disagree,
So left the lands that Nature gave us
To mingle with the Cherokee.†

Our fathers from the Great good Spirit
That region held as their domain,
He wished his children to inherit
Wood, mountain, waters, glen and plain,
To be the Mohicans' for ages,
From Rappahannoc's boundary
To where Penobscot's‡ current rages,
And Mississippi to the sea.

The Dutchmen first spoke fair and courteous;
"Friends! bury deep the tomahawk,
We came such tract of land to purchase
As may be girt in three day's walk,"
Three athletes strong and trained were
chosen

Who moved and slept as do the hares,
A district vast was thus enclosen,
The choicest of the Delawares.§

Now tradesmen, flushed with pride and
passion,
And dealers in the fiery drink,
And colliers dressed in burgher fashion,
Own valleys of the Minisink.
Most lovely scenes were sold for trifles
Near Blue-ridge and the Water-gap,
For mirrors, beads and knives and rifles—
The birth-right of Lenni-Lenape.

Though smooth the words by Yengeese
spoken,

Our braves dug up the hatchet—for
By cheating was the treaty broken,
They vowed revenge and went to war.
The Iroquois said—near our border—
"Lay down your arms—on us depend,"
But soon they joined the wild disorder
And proved a fierce, deceitful friend.

Thus while they called us—pagan—savage,
Our race was plundered by the Whites,
The red Mohawks would kill and ravage
And harass us for days and nights,
Our nation left the scenes of slaughter,
Broke off in bands—of peace in quest,
Supplanted by the mining squatter,
To find asylum in the West.

* Ancient name of the Hudson.

† See U.S. Indian reports, 1877.

‡ Its name indicates that it runs amongst
rocks.

§ This is the name given to the Mohicans
after Lord de la War had obtained large
grants of their territory. They belonged to
the nation called Lenni-Lenape.

Some mixed with roving tribes of Shawnees,
Though once so famous and so great;
Some sought the prairies of the Pawnees,
To share their freedom and their fate.
We've since received Reserves assigned us,
An undisputed right of chase,
For there his laws no longer bind us,
We live as suits the Indian race.

Our Tortoise was, by full admission,
The Totem of the chiefs around,
All owned the sway—from old tradition,
Of Mohican—a name renowned.
No more Potomac's brown savanna
Shall mocassin or paddle seek,
Nor waters of the Susquehanna,
Nor sunny waves of Chesapeake.

The Paleface yet disease is bringing,
And liquor that the heart depraves
To those near council-lodge still clinging,
And loath to leave their fathers' graves;
The Pequods are exterminated—
The doom the Narragansett shares,
Had they not gone far-west—awaited
The remnant of the Delawares.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI.—Joseph Caspar Mezzofanti, linguist, philologist, and Cardinal priest, was born in Bologna, Italy, September 17, 1774. His parents being in humble life, his early education being mainly due to the discriminating charity of some local ecclesiastics, by whose influence he was successively placed in one of the *Schuoie Pie*, and the Archiepiscopal Seminary of Bologna, in the latter of which he took his degree in philosophy at fifteen, and, upon the completion of his studies in theology, canon and civil law, received ordination eight years later. Meanwhile, he had not only acquired a thorough knowledge of Latin, Greek and Hebrew, but of several living languages of Europe and of the East. Appointed Professor of Arabic in the University of Bologna in 1797, he was deprived of his chair the following year for refusing to take the oath prescribed by the revolutionary authorities; but he was restored in 1803, becoming also assistant-librarian to the *Institute*, and subsequently Professor of Oriental languages, only to be again unjustly dealt with by the abolition of the latter office.

Thus reduced to comparative poverty, he devoted all the leisure time that could be spared from the duties of his

sacred office to linguistical studies and to private tuitions until the liberation of Pius VII; when he once more resumed his professorship. Some years previously he had refused a pressing invitation of Napoleon's government to reside in Paris; so he now respectfully declined the important post of Secretary of the Propaganda, offered him by the Sovereign Pontiff. Thus clinging to his obscure home, he became head librarian in 1815, a member of the Collegio die Consultori 1824 and in 1831, upon his first appearance in Rome as a delegate from his native City, he was induced by the new Pope, Gregory XVI., who renewed the offers of Pius VII., to take up his residence in the Eternal City. On his arrival he was named domestic prelate, protonotary apostolic, Canon of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, and in May 1833, was appointed successor to Mgr. Mai, as *Primo Custode* of the Vatican, a Canon of St. Peter's, and to several other offices of minor responsibility. On February 12, 1838, he was created Cardinal priest, prefect of seven congregations, president of the Hospital of San Salvador, and entrusted with the charge of several other charitable institutions, to the care of which, the performance of his special duties as Cardinal, the instruction of the students of the Propaganda College, the training of missionaries, and the spiritual comfort of foreigners, he devoted the remaining years of his life, which, to the regret of all Christendom, closed on the 15th of March, 1849.

Mezzofanti, though a profound general scholar, left no work behind him of any importance. He was essentially a teacher of men, and his pupils were from every clime and nation. His knowledge of languages was little short of miraculous, and would be justly considered incredible were it not attested by hundreds of witnesses. One of his biographers, Dr. Russel, of Maynooth College, Ireland, thus classifies it: Languages spoken with "rare excellence," 30; "spoken fluently," 9; "less perfectly," 11; "imperfectly," 8; "studied from books," 14—total, 72; "dialects spoken or their peculiarities understood," 36. Yet notwithstanding the vast amount of time which this

rarely-gifted man must have spent in the acquisition of such a prodigious number of tongues, the multiplicity of his duties as professor, librarian, examiner of books and MSS., confessor to foreigners, etc., he found ample opportunity to perform numberless works of quiet charity, and during the fifty-two years of his priesthood he never for a single day neglected the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. His death was as edifying as his life had been pure and exalted.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.—In addition to education, a girl needs practical knowledge of every-day duties. The pressing want of suffering masculine humanity is skilled feminine labour in the household. The vital deficiency in existing systems of female education is their omission of the practical. As a rule, young girls are taught the branches of study which they will never have occasion to utilize. Almost every girl is taught to play the piano pretty badly, and not one girl in a hundred ever touches the piano after she is married. Almost every young woman, and some of the old ones who ought to know better, are being taught to daub dinner-plates with impossible foliage and distorted storks, who don't know how to cook the dinner that is to be put on them. Thousands of girls whose destiny it is to be wives and mothers are utterly ignorant of the duties necessary for such a state. They suddenly find themselves transferred to a position where they have everything to learn, and too old to learn it, and usually the burden is so overwhelming, that they give it up in despair, and let everything go by the run. In such households the servants, sooner or later, do the real managing; and the waste, and extravagance, and the slipshod style of managing the house soon lead to unpleasant bickering between husband and wife, and the sweet bells of matrimony before long are all jangled and out of time. All this might have been prevented if the lady of the house had known just what her duties were, and how to do them.

REMARKABLE DREAM OF CHARLES DICKENS.—The writings of Dickens give no evidence that he had even the ordinary appreciation of Catholicity; he was particularly deficient in what may

be called Catholic instincts. Our most beautiful and impressive ceremonies were meaningless and unattractive to him, and he possessed scant knowledge of Catholic doctrines. Only once that we know of were his prejudices shaken, and an effect produced upon his mind. When, in Genoa, he had a remarkable dream, of which some solemn waking thought must have been the forerunner. He slept in a room which had once been a chapel, and in which an old altar still remained. Just above where it stood there was a mark where the altar piece had hung. He had been awake nearly all the night, listening to the convent bells. "In some indistinct place," he wrote, "which was quite sublime to its indistinctness, I was visited by a spirit. I could not make out its face; it bore no resemblance to any one I have ever known, except in stature." The spirit appeared in a blue drapery, and seemed to be his sister Mary. "But answer me one other question," I said, in an agony of entreaty lest it should leave me. "What is the true religion?" As it paused a moment without replying, I said, "Good God!"—in such an agony of haste lest it should go away—"you think, as I do, that the form of religion does not greatly matter, if we try to do good?" or, I said, observing that it still hesitated and was moved with the greatest compassion for me, "perhaps the Roman Catholic is the best? perhaps it makes one think of God oftener, and believe in Him more steadily?"

"For you," said the spirit, full of such heavenly tenderness for me that I felt as if my heart would break, "for you it is the best!"

"Then I awoke, with tears running down my face, and myself in exactly the condition of the dream. It was just dawn."

The story is as sad in some sense as it is beautiful.

THE MOON'S FORCE.—After getting somewhat accustomed to the greatness and strength of a bar of solid steel $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet square, imagine one which is one mile square—5,280 feet wide and as many thick. If it lay on the ground near the Catskill Mountains, its upper surface would overtop their highest summit by more than 1,000 feet. It would be equal to 102,400 such monster

bars as the last. Its lifting power would be nearly 240,869,000,000 tons. The mind is utterly unable to grasp such figures. The whole globe contains 1,200,000,000 inhabitants. If each man, woman and child could pull with a force of 100 pounds—a large estimate—to move such a weight would require the united efforts of two thousand such worlds as this. As I shall have frequent occasion to speak of the load which such a bar could sustain, I shall, for convenience, call it in round numbers 240,000,000,000 tons, neglecting the other figures, because the number is so inconceivably great that taking from it a billion or so of tons will alter the result less than one-half of one per centum. This bar is to be the unit of measure which I shall for the present employ.

If a half-dozen persons were asked how large the moon appears, they would give us many different replies: "The size of a cart-wheel;" "Twelve inches across;" "The size of a dining-plate;" "As big as a man's head," etc. Probably no one would mention a smaller measure, yet a cherry held at arm's length much more than covers its disc. It is difficult to believe that so small a body exerts any considerable influence on the earth, which seems so immensely larger. It is easy enough to admit that the earth holds the moon in its orbit, but that to do this, to bend its course into a nearly circular orbit, requires any great outlay of force, it is not so clear. Our credulity would be taxed were we asked to believe that the moon in its efforts to move in a straight line would break away, although held by a bar of steel one foot square, for that means a force able to lift nearly 9,000 tons. An astronomer would grant it, making first a mental calculation to see if he were justified in doing so; but even he would hesitate, and perhaps would deny that it was possible the moon could pull asunder one of those great unit bars one mile square, and equal to more than 27,000,000 bars each one foot square.

But we would have no hesitation in saying, "Impossible!" if told that rather than change its course from a straight line to its present curve, our wilful little satellite would snap like pack-thread not one, nor two, nor three of those unit-

bars, but the united strength of 10,000—or in other words, one gigantic bar whose section is 100 miles square. Yet more than eight such bars, or, more precisely, 87,500 unit bars, would but barely deflect the moon into its present path.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

MR. BLAKE ON EDUCATION.

THE Education question is “booming” in every city, and town, and hamlet, and along every concession line in the province of Ontario. The newspapers are full of it; everybody seems to have taken a hand in, and almost everybody to have gone crazy over it. One day a Teachers’ Convention blows the horn; another, some Inspector, local or general, on his official visit; next, the loud timbrel is sounded at the formal opening of a Provincial Model School, or the inauguration of a new wing to some College building; and again, to mark the approbation or dissent of free and independent tax-payers at the appointment of a Classical Master, or a janitor in the Toronto University. All these operations, celebrations, demonstrations, acclamations, and protestations, show—that is, are intended to show—how high education is flying in this community,—higher than a kite, I fancy. My next neighbor, who is a superannuated dominie, and a very blunt old gentleman, says the system that makes such a noise is a *damn fraud*, and I am half inclined to agree with him, always using the word *damn* as it is used by the abbé McMaster (whom it is a *damn* shame not to preconize in *partibus infidelium*), in the sense of *dead loss*, meaning no offence to Mr. Crooks, or any other Christian statesman at present in office. I have been through the mill myself, and know how it works. There is any amount of “cram” and “shoddy” in the Public Schools; “shoddy” and “cram,” with a little “tone” in the High Schools; and ditto, with more “tone” and lots of “haw! haw!” in the University. I will not assert that there are no good points; only this, it would require a search-warrant to discover them among so many glaring defects. Do you say, this is an exaggeration? Then, I pray you, examine for

yourself. Don’t judge by appearances. Be not deceived by monumental edifices, heaps of apparatus, and other extensive and imposing appurtenances; nor by the grade of the teachers’ diploma, and the “get-up” of examination papers. If you have a boy at one of those schools,—(a *young man* at the University would *strike*)—put to him a few questions outside the routine, on which he has not been *drilled*—things that he ought to know, in any of the fundamental, on necessary branches. Sound him to the bottom, and see what is the depth of the knowledge he has acquired. The test will repay you, even should it rub off some of your paternal conceit.

But I have not taken pen in hand for the purpose of writing down the public school system of Ontario. Far from me such a nefarious and unpatriotic design. It is merely Mr. Blake that I propose to discuss—Mr. Blake on Education. This gentleman on the N. P., Compulsory voting, the Consolidation of the Empire, or any other *gritty* subject, would be entirely “out-of-order” in these pages, which are strictly non-political. Education, however, is a broad question, and I am sure Mr. Blake’s views thereon will receive your right hearty welcome, if not your entire approbation.

Mr. Blake is Chancellor of the University of Toronto, a much pampered state institution, as every tax-payer feels. As Chancellor he was present at the opening exercises of Queen’s University, Kingston, an institution belonging to the Presbyterian body. These exercises took place on October 14th, in connection with the dedication of a splendid new building, erected at a cost of about \$50,000, “the grand gift,” said Principal Grant, “of the citizens of Kingston, who, without distinction of class or creed, had just presented it through their mayor.”

Well done! old lime-stone city! The sum, it is true, is only a moderate fortune, but look at the *spirit* that prompted the gift. *That* ought to make some people I know blush for shame,—people who are eternally grumbling about the inefficiency, fancied or real, of our Catholic schools, and never think of subscribing a cent to improve them;—people who—God forgive me, if I wrong them

—if asked for a voluntary subscription for that purpose, would form themselves into an indignation meeting, and growl for a month of Sundays. And in general, what have we Catholics done for education, as compared with our fellow-citizens of other denominations? What encouragement and support have we given to the founders and directors of Catholic Colleges? Where are the buildings that we have assisted to erect? What chairs have we endowed, and what bursaries have we founded? Well, it is never too late to mend. If only the example of Kingston stimulate Catholics of other places—*with* other denominations, if they *will*, *without* them, if they *won't*—to a united and generous effort in aid of some deserving and struggling institution, that one spirited act will redeem much of the indifference and ingratitude of the past.

But, to return to Mr. Blake. As I have said, he represented the University of Toronto at the annual meeting of Convocation of Queen's. Evidently, he was considered the most prominent personage present, and Principal Grant, introducing him, declared, amidst cheers, "We are all proud of Toronto University, and I am sure we are all proud of Edward Blake." Now, one may be proud of the University, and not at all of Edward Blake, or *vice-versa*, I go in with the *vice-versa* ticket. So does my friend already quoted, and a great many others. We are proud of Mr. Blake, and justly so, because he is an able man, an honest man, and a leading man, though given to dreaming sometimes. But Mr. Blake is not the University of Toronto, and owes nothing to the University, except, maybe, his unfortunate habit of dreaming, and so, while we lift our hats high to Mr. Blake, we hold, all the same, to the opinion that the University is not worth its "porridge."

Mr. Blake's address on this occasion was, as his public utterances generally are, carefully prepared, and introduced almost all the prominent points on the Education question as it is understood in Ontario. I do not propose to follow him over all the ground, and shall ask your attention to three points only.

First, let us consider what he has to say on the non-sectarian, as opposed to

the denominational system:—"The results of the students receiving their secular training in University College had been excellent. The results of the intermingling of men of different denominations, of different ranks, and from different localities must be excellent. He was one of those who believed that young men would not become worse Christians, or less devoted to the advancement of those Christian communities to which they belonged, by intermingling with men of all the other denominations, but that they would rather learn, by mingling with those who did not hold precisely eye to eye with them in forms of Church government, and in some particulars of doctrine, to value them, and credit them with the good that was in them. He believed that that great cause with reference to which there had been some discussion lately across the water, the cause of the unity of Christendom, was more likely to be promoted by that system than by a system in which the exclusive training of youth was left to each denomination for itself." So, Mr. Blake thinks that the unity of Christendom is going to be brought about by non-sectarian, or godless education,—which means, that if every denomination will only abandon all tenets objectionable to every other denomination, we shall have—nothing! and call it *unity*! Just like Mr. War Correspondent Forbes' plan for settling the Irish difficulty,—clear out the people!—create a solitude, and call it *peace*! Now, Mr. Blake ought to know better, and probably if he had not gone through University College, he would know better. If ever Ireland finds peace, it will be on the basis of *justice*, and, as the Hon. Zach. Montgomery has so aptly replied to the promoters of a scheme, similar to Mr. Blake's, for the same laudable purpose: "When the whole Christian world finds union, it will find truth as its basis; for upon no other foundation can such a union possibly stand. And whenever the long-hoped for day shall dawn upon a re-united Christendom, there can be, in the very nature of things, but one Christian Church, and whether that Church will be yours, or mine, or another, will depend on the question whether your's, or mine, or an-

other is the true Church." Yes, the only practical way to arrive at unity in religion is to find *truth*, and it is not to be found under a godless system of education. There infidelity, the adopted child of toleration, finds a nursery, is petted, and fondled, and fed by a sham science, waxes strong, and soon grows beyond control. It cannot be that Mr. Blake has not noticed the alarming spread of free-thought of late years in his native province; and can it be that he—a Christian statesman!—has not asked himself, *why is this thus?* I fear that he has given more serious thought to discover the surest and quickest way to lead his party back to power, than he has to the union of Christendom, and hence his mistaken belief that this grand cause is more likely to be promoted by a non-sectarian system, than by a system in which the exclusive training of youth is left to each denomination for itself. There are a few Catholics, so called, who believe the same thing. It is about all the faith they have, poor fellows, and, if they had been put through a good course of Butler's Catechism, they wouldn't be so stupid.

Mr. Blake is more happy in his outspoken commendation of the democratic spirit pervading the University Colleges of Scotland and the United States, and which would be considered "low" in our state establishment, where the scions of upper-tendom, the young "bloods" of the country, are educated at the public expense, like paupers. "In Glasgow University," he says, "in the humanity classes last year there were over 600 students. Of those 600 only 200 were so circumstanced that they were not obliged to earn money by their own exertions during their College career. Of the 400 who had thus to support themselves, 240 were working, not merely during the long vacation, but during the College term. Whence did they spring, and by what means did they support themselves? They were derived from a great number of occupations. There were clerks, writers, teachers, joiners, miners, tailors, engineers, ship-builders, and toll-gate keepers. He held that no circumstance could be stated more to the credit of that country than the circumstance he had just narrated." Then, speaking

of the United States: "The number of students at these Universities was large, and some of the students, during the summer season, did not esteem it a degradation to earn their livelihood, as waiters at sea-side hotels." Should this passage reach the young man who—to please older heads, but not less vain—has tried to run down an old and respected College, as immoral and demoralizing, because some of its students, during the summer season, did not esteem it a degradation to earn their livelihood as waiters at sea-side hotels, it ought to open his eyes, to see himself as others see him—frisking in the harmless conceit of puppy-hood.

In the third place, Mr. Blake essays to meet those who object to paying for a higher education for other people's sons, and his attempt is a very poor one indeed. Here it is:—"He quite agreed with those grumblers that those who wanted a higher education should pay for it, and upon that principle the present system should be continued, as all wanted it and all therefore should pay for it. If a man did not actually want the education himself, he wanted the results of it. Ministers, lawyers, teachers, doctors, were all necessary, and, as it was necessary that they should be trained, it was necessary that there should be a system of higher education under which the youth of the country could be prepared for the University. By cutting off the support of these higher schools, they would close the path of learning against those who were not born wealthy, and thus form an aristocracy of wealth in this country." But, Mr. Blake, if I call in the doctor, or consult the lawyer—which may heaven forbid!—I shall have to fee him, just as if I had not been taxed for his higher education. So, if I "sit under" the minister, and sleep out his sermon, I shall be expected to contribute to the making up of his salary, and the presentation of a tea-service to his amiable wife. It is all very well to talk about the danger of forming an aristocracy of wealth, but, if my pocket is to be bled, all the same, by an aristocracy of brains, more or less material, which I have myself assisted to build up, I can't see where the danger comes in. It is generally understood, however,

that the law, unjust as it is in principle, cannot be altogether repealed. But it can be amended, and Mr. Blake, if a genuine Reformer, will undertake to do it. The amendment most required is one to exempt from High School taxation, Catholics who reside in municipalities where Separate Schools are by law established. Being Separate School supporters, they cannot be taxed for the maintenance of the Public Schools. Their rights are respected so far, and no farther. High School rates are exacted from them, although the High School is not at all in harmony with the Separate Schools. Why tolerate this injustice any longer? Let the rates continue to be levied on Catholics, if you will, but apply them to the Separate Schools, for their improvement according to their requirements. I hope to see Separate Schools Boards move in this matter, agitate for an amendment to the law, and raise an unmistakable "hum," before the next session of the Legislature.

The University of Toronto is also going to ask the Legislature for something.—"To confer upon the Minister of Education, power to declare such of the University examinations as the Lieutenant Governor in Council shall by proclamation indicate to be sufficient qualification for Teachers in the Public Schools of the Province, and for position in the Civil Service of Ontario, under the Act relating to the Civil Service." Mr. Blake, as Chancellor, will use all his influence, which has no small weight, to obtain legislation in accordance with the prayer of the University. All right! But it must be extended to such Catholic Colleges in the Province as are recognized Universities, so that certain of their examinations also shall be declared to be sufficient qualification for Teachers in the Separate Schools, and for position in the Civil Service. Only those who are actively engaged in the work of Catholic education can understand the great importance of the proposed legislation, and it is to be hoped they will not forfeit the opportunity, now offered for the first time, for obtaining it.

That will do for the present, Mr. Blake. You may now retire. I cannot as yet say what is the general effect of

your address, but, speaking for one, I assure you it swells with pleasant emotions the manly breast of

MARK SWEENEY.

(We publish the following at the request of a Friend.)

LINES TO THE MEMORY

OF THE LATERIGHT REV.

DOCTOR DOYLE.

—ooo—

The Cedar's fall'n!—for mourning now prepare!

He's gone!—the patriot Prelate of Kildare. Tho' short his course, the lights he left behind,

Proclaim th' effulgence of his mighty mind. The Church's ornament—his Country's pride, The moving Pilla^r, sent to be our guide.

In him the true philanthropist we trace, His fold, the globe—his flock, the human race.

Frugal, yet hospitable—dignified, yet mild, Refin'd his wit—yet playful as a child.

Profound humility gave all access, His door and purse were open to distress.

A very Pelican—the poor to feed, They reap'd no harvest—tho' he sew'd the SEED.*

(† ONE LUCKLESS CLOUD between two Planets came,

Obscur'd the while;—but cool'd not friendship's flame;

Each kept its course—to its own orbit true, The brighter's set!—but shines in mem'ry's view.)

He saw the locusts, eat the growing crops, With Sampson's strength, he shook the massy props

Of Mammon's temple—tottering now it stands,

It's final fall is left to other hands.

Meek—but when rous'd—he rose in conscious might,

Astonish'd Churchmen wither'd in his sight. His Eagle-genius pierc'd the latent thought, Dissolv'd their captious questions into nought.

Nor store of gold, nor palaces had he, Nor found at Court, nor at the Grand Levee. Incessant study, preaching, mental toil, Sap'd the weak fabric of the Saintly DOYLE, Renown'd Braganza—long shall history tell. Thy master's name—the powerful J. K. L.

Carlow, June 16, 1834.

R. I. * * * S.

* Poor Laws.

† The difference between Dr. Doyle and O'Connell.

MRS. M'WILLIAMS AND THE LIGHTNING.

BY MARK TWAIN.

"Well, sir"—continued Mr. McWilliams, for this was not the beginning of his talk—"the fear of lightning is one of the most distressing infirmities a human being can be inflicted with. It is mostly confined to women; but now and then you will find it in a little dog, and sometimes in a man. It is a particularly distressing infirmity, for the reason it takes the sand out of a person to an extent which no other fear can, and it can't be reasoned with, and neither can it be shamed out of a person. A woman who could face the very devil himself—or a mouse—loses her grip and goes all to pieces in front of a flash of lightning. Her fright is something pitiful to see.

"Well, as I was telling you. I woke up with that smothered and unlocatable cry of 'Mortimer! Mortimer!' wailing in my ears, and as soon as I could gather my faculties together I reached over in the dark and then said:

"Evangeline, is that you calling? What is the matter? Where are you?"

"Shut up in the boot-closet. You ought to be ashamed to lie there and sleep so, and such an awful storm going on."

"Why how can one be ashamed when he is asleep? It is unreasonable; a man can't be ashamed when he is asleep, Evangeline."

"You never try, Mortimer—you know very well you never try."

I caught the sound of muffled sobs.

That sound smote dead the sharp speech that was on my lips, and I changed it to—"I'm sorry dear—I'm truly sorry, I never meant to act so. Come back and—"

"Mortimer!"

"Heavens! what is the matter, my love?"

"Do you mean to say you are in that bed yet?"

"Why of course."

"Come out of that instantly. I should think you would take some little care of your life, for my sake and the children's if you will not for your own."

"But my love—"

"Don't talk to me, Mortimer. You know there is no place so dangerous as a bed, in such a thunder-storm as this—all the books say that; and there you would lie and deliberately throw away your life—for goodness knows what, unless for the sake of arguing, and—"

"But confound it, Evangeline, I'm not in the bed, now. I'm—"

[Sentence interrupted by a sudden glare of lightning, followed by a terrified little scream from Mrs. McWilliams and a tremendous blast of thunder.]

"There! You see the result. Oh, Mortimer, how can you be so profligate as to swear at such a time as this!"

"I didn't swear. And that wasn't a result of it anyhow. It would have come just the same, if I hadn't said a word; and you know very well, Evangeline—at least you ought to know—that when the atmosphere is charged with electricity—"

"Oh, yes, now argue it, and argue it, and argue it! I don't see how you can act so, when you know there is no lightning-rod on the place, and your poor wife and children are absolutely at the mercy of Providence. What are you doing? Lighting a match at such a time as this! Are you stark mad?"

"Hang it, woman, where's the harm? The place is as dark as the inside of an infidel, and—"

"Put it out! put it out instantly! Are you determined to sacrifice us all? You know there is nothing attracts lightning like a light. [Fzt!—crash!—boom!—bloom!—boom—boom!] Oh, just hear it! Now you see what you've done!"

"No; I don't see what I've done. A match may attract lightning, for all I know, but it don't cause lightning—I'll go odds on that. And it didn't attract it worth a cent this time; for if that shot was levelled at my match, it was blessed poor marksmanship—about an average of none out of a possible million, I should say. Why, at Dollymount, such marksmanship as that—"

"For shame, Mortimer! Here we are standing in the very presence of Death, and yet in so solemn a moment you are capable of using such language as that. If you have no desire to—Mortimer!"

"Well?"

"Did you say your prayers to-night?"

"I—I—meant to, but I got to trying to cipher out how much twelve times thirteen is, and—"

[Fzt—boom—beroom—boom! bumble—umble—bang SMASH!]

"Oh, we are lost beyond all help! How could you neglect such a thing at such a time as this?"

"But it wasn't such a time as this." There wasn't a cloud in the sky. How could I know there was going to be all this rumpus and pow-wow about a little slip like that? And I don't think it's just fair for you to make so much out of it anyway, seeing it happens so seldom; I haven't missed before since I brought on that earthquake four years ago."

"Mortimer! How you talk! Have you forgotten the yellow fever?"

"My dear, you are always throwing up this yellow fever to me, and I think it is perfectly unreasonable. You can't even send a telegraph message as far as Memphis without relays, so how is a little devotional slip of mine going to carry so far. I'll stand the earthquake because it was in the neighborhood; but I'll be hanged if I'm going to be responsible for every blamed—"

[Fzt!—BOOM—beroom—boom! boom—BANG!]

"Oh, dear, dear, dear! I know it struck something, Mortimer. We never shall see the light of another day; and if it will do you any good to remember, when we are gone, that your dreadful language—Mortimer!"

"Well! What now?"

"Your voice sounds as if—Mortimer! Are you actually standing in front of that open fire-place?"

"That is the very crime I am committing."

"Get away from it this moment. You do seemed determined to bring destruction on us all. Don't you know that there is no better conductor for lightning than an open chimney? Now where have you got to?"

"I'm here by the window."

"Oh, for pity's sake, have you lost your mind? Clear out from there this moment. The very children in arms know it is fatal to stand near a window in a thunder-storm. Dear, dear, I know I will never see the light of another day. Mortimer!"

"Yes?"

"What is that rustling?"

"It's me."

"What are you doing?"

"Trying to find the upper end of my pantaloons."

"Quick! throw them things away! I do believe you would deliberately put on those clothes at such a time as this; yet you know woolen stuffs attract lightning. Oh, dear dear it isn't sufficient that one's life must be in peril from natural causes, but you must do everything you can possibly think of to augment the danger. Oh, don't sing! What can you be thinking of?"

"Now where's the harm in it?"

"Mortimer, if I have told you once, I have told you a hundred times, that singing causes vibration in the atmosphere which interrupts the flow of the electric fluid, and— What on earth are you opening that door for?"

"Goodness gracious, woman is there any harm in that."

"Harm! There's death in it. Anybody that has given this subject any attention knows that to create a draught is to invite the lightning. You haven't half shut it, shut it right—and do hurry, or we are all destroyed. Oh, it is an awful thing to be shut up with a lunatic at such a time as this. Mortimer, what are you doing?"

"Nothing. Just turning on the water. This room is smothering hot and close, I want to bathe my face and hands."

"You have certainly parted with the remnant of your mind! Where lightning strikes any other substance once, it strikes water fifty times. Do turn it off. Oh dear. I am sure that nothing in this world can save us. It does seem to me that—Mortimer, what was that?"

"It was a da—it was a picture. I knocked it down."

"Then you are close to the wall? I never heard of such imprudence! Don't you know that there's no better conductor for lightning than a wall? Come away from there. And you came as near as anything to swearing, too. Oh, how can you be so desperately wicked, and your family in such a peril? Mortimer, did you order a feather bed, as I asked you to do?"

"No. Forgot it."

"Forgot it! It may cost you your life. If you had a feather bed, now, and could spread it in the middle of the room and lie on it, you would be perfectly safe. Come in here—come quick, before you have a chance to commit any more frantic indiscretions."

I tried but the little closet could not hold us both with the door shut, unless we could be content to smother. I gasped awhile, then forced my way out. My wife called out—

"Mortimer, something must be done for your preservation. Give me that German book that is on the end of the mantelpiece and a candle; but don't light it; give me a match; I will light it in here. That has some directions in it."

I got the book—at the cost of a vase and some other brittle things; and the madam shut herself with her candle. I had a moment's peace then she called out—

"Mortimer, what was that?"

"Nothing but the cat."

"The cat! Oh, destruction! Catch her, and shut her up in the wash-stand. Do be quick, do; cats are full of electricity. I just know my hair will turn white with this night's awful perils."

I heard the muffled sobbings again. But for that I should not have moved hand or foot in such a wild enterprise in the dark.

However, I went at my task—over chairs and against all sorts of obstructions, all of them hard ones, too, and most of them with sharp edges—and at last I got kitty cooped up in the commode, at an expense of over four hundred dollars, in broken furniture and shins. Then these muffled words came from the closet:

"It says the safest thing is to stand on a chair in the middle of the room, Mortimer, and the legs of the chair must be insulated with non-conductors. That is, you must set the legs of the chair in glass tumblers. [Fzt!—boom!—bang!—smash!] Oh, hear that. Do hurry, Mortimer, before you are struck."

I managed to find and secure the tumblers. I got the last four—broke all the rest. I insulated the chair legs, and called for further instructions.

"Mortimer, it says, 'Wahrend eines

Gewit ters entferne man Meta'le, wie zum Beispiel, Ringe, Uhren, Schussel, etc., von, sich un halte sich auch nicht an solchen Stollen auf, wo viele Metalle bei einander liegen, oder mit andern Körpern verbundet sind, wie an Herde, Oefen, Eisengtttern und dergleichen.' What does that mean, Mortimer? Does it mean that you must keep metals about you, or keep them away from you?"

"Well, I hardly know. It appears to be a little mixed. All German advice is more or less mixed. However, I think that the sentence is mostly in the dative case, with a gentle genitive and accusitive sifted in, here and there, for luck; so I reckon it means that you must keep some metals about you."

"Yes, that must be it. It stands to reason that it is. They are in the nature of lightning-rods, you know. Put on your fireman's helmet, Mortimer; that is mostly metal."

I got it and put it on,—a very heavy and clumsy and uncomfortable thing on a hot night in a close room. Even my night-dress seemed to be more clothing than I strictly needed.

"Mortimer, I think your middle ought to be protected. Won't you buckle on your militia sabre, please?"

I complied.

"Now, Mortimer, you ought to have some way to protect your feet. Do please put on your spurs?"

I did it—in silence—and kept my temper as well as I could.

"Mortimer, it says, 'Das Gewitter läuten ist sher gefährlich, weil die Glocke selbst sowie de durch das Lauten veranlasste Luftzug und die Höhe des Thurmes den Blits anziehen köennten.' Mortimer does that mean that it is dangerous not to ring the church bells during a thunder-storm?"

"Yes, it seems to mean that—if that is the past participle of the nominative case singular, and I reckon it is. Yes, I think it means that on account of the height of the church tower and the absence of the Luftzug it would be very dangerous [sehr gefährlich] not to ring the bell in time of storms; and, moreover, don't you see, the very wording—"

"Never mind that Mortimer; don't waste the precious time to talk. Get the

large dinner bell; it is right there in the hall. Quick, Mortimer, dear; we are almost safe. Oh, dear, I do believe we are going to be saved at last!"

Our little summer establishment stands on top of a high range of hills, overlooking a valley. Several farm-houses are in our neighborhood, the nearest some three or four hundred yards away.

When I, mounted on the chair, had been clanging that dreadful bell a matter of seven or eight minutes, our shutters were suddenly torn open from without, and a brilliant bull's-eye lantern was thrust in at the window, followed by a hoarse inquiry:

"What in the nation is the matter in here?"

The window was full of men's heads, and the heads were full of eyes that stared wildly at my night-dress and my war-like accoutrements.

I dropped the bell, skipped down from the chair in confusion, and said:

"There is nothing the matter friends—only a little discomfort on account of the thunder-storm. I was trying to keep off the lightning."

Thunder-storm? Lightning? Why, Mr. McWilliams, have you lost your mind? It is a beautiful starlight night, there has been no storm."

I looked out and I was so astonished I could not speak for a while. Then I said:

"I do not understand this. We distinctly saw the glow of the flashes through the curtains and shutters, and heard the thunder."

One after another those people lay down on the ground to laugh, and two of them died. One of the survivors remarked:

"Pity you didn't think to open your blinds and look over to the top of the high hill yonder. What you heard was a cannon; what you saw was the flash. You see, the telegraph brought some news just at mid-night; Hancock's nomination—and that's what's the matter."

Yes, Mr. Twain, as I was saying in the beginning [said Mr. McWilliams], the rules for preserving people against lightning are so excellent and so innumerable that the most incomprehensible thing in the world to me is how anybody ever managed to get struck.

So saying, he gathered up his sachel and umbrella and departed; for the train had reached his town.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

"IT IS BETTER TO BE BORN LUCKY
THAN RICH." (*Prov.*)

WELL; masters mine, believe me, Squire Riches and Mistress Lucky were so much in love, that you never saw the one without the other. The bucket follows the rope when the rope does not follow the bucket. Squire Riches followed Mistress Lucky when Mistress Lucky did not follow Squire Riches until people began to talk; then they got married. A plague on all lovers, say I, who ramble about at night drinking the elements instead of sleeping quietly in their beds, Matrimony is meant for them. Mother, what does matrimony mean? It means to spin, to wash clothes and to weep, my daughter! And of a truth there is something more than the cake and the ring.

Squire Riches was a fat pompous pussey little fellow, with a big head and little brains like a Canadian butternut. Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Squire Riches smelt of money. Mistress Lucky was a great flirt and an inveterate gad about. However it is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. The two had not finished the brides cake before they fell out. Mistress Lucky wanted to be master; the Squire had always intended that post for himself. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I; and every friar to his cell. As both had a will of their own they came to blows. Sore heads brought sounder counsel. As they were well matched with the black-thorn, they determined to settle matters on an outsider.

"Husband mine!" said Mistress Lucky "do you see yon poor miserable fellow sitting in the lane with a short coverlet and a loose girdle? Let us try which can make a man of him; the one to succeed, to be best man for the rest of our wedded life."

"Agreed;" said the husband. "Who tries first?"

"You;" said the wife; "as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond."

They both set out for the lane.

"Good morrow! my man," said the Squire.

The man opened his eyes like an owl in the sunshine, but never a word.

"You don't know me," said the Squire.

"I don't," said the man.

"I am Squire Riches; did you ever see anyone of my ilk before?"

"Never since I was born," said the man.

"What! have you nothing in the world?"

"Yes; plenty of bad luck, and six children as ragged as colts and with throats like a mill hopper, and who sleep like the Squires of Herman Daza six under one blanket; but as to property we have only what the world gives the blind-man's dog—more kicks than half-pence. I've heard my grandmother say heaven gives almonds to those who have no teeth."

"Why don't you work? There is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers."

"Because I cannot get work. I cannot set up a coach before I have bought the whip. Besides I am so unlucky that everything I do turns out as crooked as a ram's horn. Look you here. I took a well to dig for a farmer. Dollars when we struck water; not a cent before. No song no supper."

"Right" said the Squire. "There are only two bad paymasters—those who pay beforehand, and those who do not pay at all. How did you get on?"

"We did not get on. We got downwards. The more we dug, the deeper we got, and the further from water. Finally and lastly we found a cobbler."

"A cobbler!" exclaimed the Squire, "What! a cobbler in the bowels of the earth?"

"No; in his stall."

"What! in the bowels of the earth?"

"No; not in the bowels of the earth—on the other side."

"What other side?"

"The other side of the world to be sure. We came out at the antipodes."

"Young man! your case is a hard one; I am going to make your fortune. Here is a silver dollar."

The man opened his eyes wider than a bull's horns. He could not believe his senses, but he off with him to the

baker's to buy bread for the young ones for a good meal is warmer than a woolen coverlet. When he put his hand into his pocket for the dollar to pay the baker, he found nothing there but the hole through which it had slipped without saying "By your leave, sir." A good beginning of the week as he said who was hanged o' Monday morning. He returned with moist eyes and an empty stomach to the Squire. Mistress Lucky looked on and waited.

"Here is a gold eagle," said the Squire, "take care this time of the holes."

More delighted than ever our man ran off but it was to buy clothes. The clothier looked at the eagle, then at the man and declared it a bad one. "Tell me the company you keep and I'll tell you what you are." "There be coiners in the neighborhood—he must be one of them," said the clothier—he ought to be arrested." Afraid of the galleys the man hurried off to tell his mishap to the Squire, glad to escape with his freedom. Every one stretches his legs according to his coverlet.

Mistress Lucky laughed ontright this time. Squire Riches was growing desperate.

"Here are three hundred dollars, my man," said the Squire: that will give you plenty and to spare. Your case is a bad one; if I don't mend it, I'll see why not."

Off again went the man, this time to deposit most of his money in the bank, intending to buy bread and clothing for the children with the remainder. He had not gone far, before he flattened his nose against robbers, who stripped him of all he had. He returned again more dead than alive to relate his misadventure to Squire Riches.

This time Mistress Lucky almost burst her sides with laughter, which brought the mustard into the Squire's nose.

"You only make matters worse," said she. "From the smudge to the smother. In running away from the thunder you have run your head against the lightning. It is my turn now." She rubbed skirts with the man who was striding off disconsolate, bewailing his fate. "I have a father but he is a dead one. I have a fortune but it is a bad one. Alas! and alack-a-day! poor was I born and poor I

am. I neither win nor lose. Thus must I wag through the world, half the time on foot and the other half walking. Patience and shuffle the cards. I am not yet so bald, that you can see my brains. Who knows what may happen. I may be a cardinal yet."

As he passed along the lane, thus consoling himself he stubbed his toe against a stone, and in stooping down to tie his latchet, he felt something heavy and hard in the lining of his trowsers. It was the silver dollar given him for the baker.

Overjoyed he set off to the baker's to buy bread for his children who like fledglings without a father were fasting a while. At the baker's door he encountered the clothier, who had learnt from the mint that the gold eagle was genuine and who came to seek him. "He was sorry to have injured an honest man and as he had a conscience, was wishful to repair the injury as well as in him lay. He would give him for nothing not only the clothes he had bought but also any others that might be required." Beyond himself with joy and bending under the pile of clothes the worthy clothier had forced upon him, our friend crossed the market place, which he found crowded with soldiers who had just brought in the robber, who had taken his money, and who seeing him confessed his guilt and asked pardon. On the morrow the police brought him his 300 dollars safe and sound. "You see," said his wife

"It is better to be born lucky than rich."
H. B.

WHAT A BOY DID.

A DUKE, walking in his garden one day, saw a Latin copy of a great work on Mathematics lying on the grass, and thinking that it had been brought from his library, called some one to carry it back.

"It belongs to me," said the gardner's son, stepping up.

"Yours!" cried the Duke, "do you understand geometry and Latin?"

"I know a little of them," answered the lad modestly.

The Duke having a taste for it began to talk with the student, astonished at the clearness and intelligence of his answers.

"But how came you to know so much?" asked the Duke.

"One of the servants sought me to read," said the lad; "one does not need to know anything more than the twenty six letters of the alphabet in order to learn everything else one wishes."

But the Duke wanted to know more about it.

"After I learned to read," said the boy, "the masons came to work on your house; I noticed that the architect used a rule and compasses, and made a great many calculations. — What was the meaning and use of that? I asked; and they told me of a science in arithmetic. I bought an arithmetic and studied it through. They then told me there was another science called geometry. Then I found there were better books about these sciences in Latin. I got a dictionary, and learned Latin. I heard there was still better ones in French. It seems to me we may learn everything when we know the twenty-six letters of the alphabet.

The boy lived to become a leading mathematician, and wrote a valuable work on that science.

REVIEWS.

THE TRUE FAITH OF OUR FOREFATHERS. By a Professor of Theology in Woodstock College, S. J., Maryland. New York: The American News Company, 39 and 41 Chambers Street. Price: Paper Covers, 75 cts; Cloth, \$1.50.

THIS is a vigorous reply to a work by the Rev. Edw. J. Stearns, an Episcopal Clergyman, on "The Faith of our Forefathers;" who attempted a refutation of Archbishop Gibbons' "Faith of our Fathers," and to his own satisfaction, no doubt, and that of his admirers, entirely demolished the arguments of the learned Archbishop of Baltimore. The object of the writer of the work under review, is a defence, if defence were needed, of Archbishop Gibbons' noble work; and he handles Dr. Stearns without gloves, and replies to him in true scholarly fashion. Every article of our holy religion is maintained with unanswerable logic. Students of Theology in our Colleges will find it an invaluable aid in their studies. The subjects treated are as follows:—The Blessed Trinity,

the Incarnation, &c., Unity of the Church; Holiness of the Church; Catholicity; Apostolicity; Perpetuity of the Church; Infallible Authority of the Church; The Church and the Bible; The Primacy of Peter; The Supremacy of the Popes; Infallibility of the Pope; Temporal Power of the Popes; Invocation of Saints; Same Subject—Devotion to the B. V. Mary; Immaculate Conception of Mary; Sacred Images; Purgatory and Prayers for the Dead; Civil and Religious Liberty; Charges of Religious Persecution; The Sacraments—Baptism—Its Necessity; Confirmation; The Holy Eucharist; Communion under One Kind; The Sacrifice of the Mass; Religious Ceremonies; Ceremonies of the Mass—The Missal—Latin Language—Lights—Incense; Penance; Indulgences; Extreme Unction; The Priesthood; Celibacy of the Clergy; Matrimony.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST AND OF HIS BLESSED MOTHER. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers, Publishers.

THE concluding parts—37 and 38—of the greatest work that has issued from the Catholic press during this century, have been received, and with them comes that beautiful premium picture, "The Resurrection." Having often called attention to the excellence of this publication, we think it unnecessary to enter into a review of the work at the present time. We can say, however, that it has met with favor everywhere, as it has well deserved. Every Catholic household should possess a copy.

The Benziger Brothers have got up a very handsome cover for the work, and will bind it for the subscribers, by sending the parts on to them to 311 Broadway, New York; 143 Main street, Cincinnati, or 206 South Fifth street, St. Louis; or they can be left with the agents from whom they received the parts.—There will be five styles of binding; namely, \$9, \$8, \$5, \$3.50, and \$2.50, the finest of which will contain, besides the family record, a handsome album. In sending the parts to be bound, those sending them should be particular to state what priced binding they wish.

FIRE SIDE SPARKS.

"Many are called but few are chosen"—to occupy political office.

The Philadelphia *Chronicle* is doubtless correct when it asserts that the fair sex cares more for pickles than politics.

"What," said a teacher to a pupil, "makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong?" "My papa's big leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.

Lives of grocerymen remind us
They can make their starch half lime,
And with sugar wholly blind us,
Putting sand in all the time.

An Ohio girl sued a man for breach of promise, and proved him such a mean scoundrel that the jury decided that she ought to pay him something for not marrying her.

There are four things very awkward for a woman to do—viz., to whistle, throw stones at a cow, smoke a cigar, and climb a garden fence.

When you see two young persons seated in the centre of a pew in church, you may make up your mind they are engaged, or going to be; but when one is at the head and the other at the foot of the pew, you can immediately determine they are married.

A guest at a fashionable hotel took his seat at the dinner table, but no one appearing to wait upon him, he remarked, "Have they any waiters in this hotel?" "Yes," responded a wag on the opposite side of the table; "the boarders are the waiters."

A Frenchman visiting this country on being called upon to address a company composed largely of those whose heads were venerable, and not alone for the want of hair that characterized them, began by saying: "I am very embarrassed in addressing so many barren heads" (barren of hair he meant). The compliment was received with a burst of laughter.

"In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of a quiet looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," calmly replied the quiet looking boy. From this answer no appeal was taken.

IN THE GLOAMING

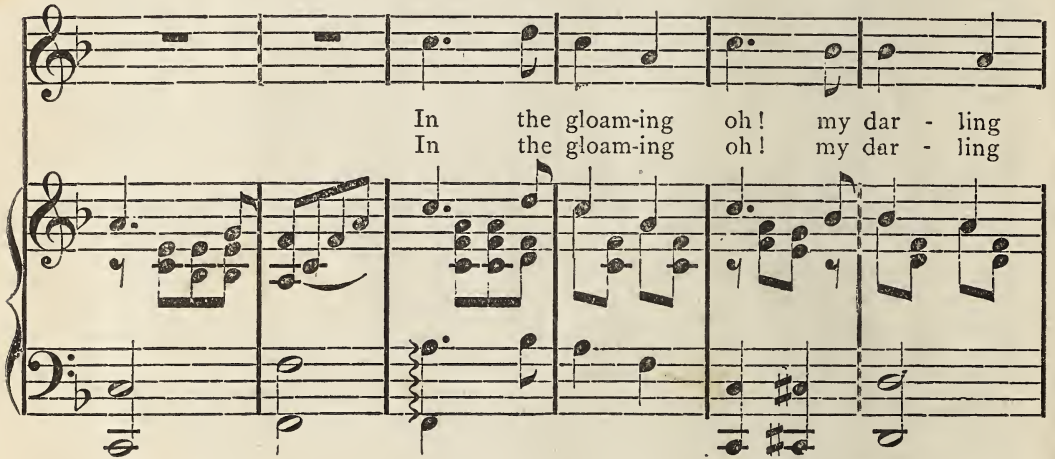
BALLAD.

Words by META ORRED.
ANDANTE.


Music by ANNIE F. HARRISON



Piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked *Andante*. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a crescendo (*Cresc.*) marking. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand.



First vocal entry. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The lyrics are: In the gloam-ing oh! my dar - ling
In the gloam-ing oh! my dar - ling



Second vocal entry. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The lyrics are: when the lights are dim and low And the qui - et
think not bit - ter - ly of me? Though I passed a -

sha - dows fall - ing soft - ly come and soft - ly go
way in si - lence, left you lone - ly set you free,

Agitato.

When the winds are sob - bing faint - ly with a
For my heart was crushed with long - ing, what had

Con anima.

gen - tle un - known woe Will you think of
been could nev - er be. It was best to

me and love me, as you did once long a - go.
leave you thus dear, best for you and best for

cresc.

p

me It was best to leave you

Cresc.

thus..... Best for you and best for me.....

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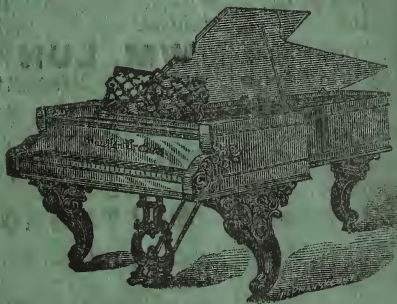
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